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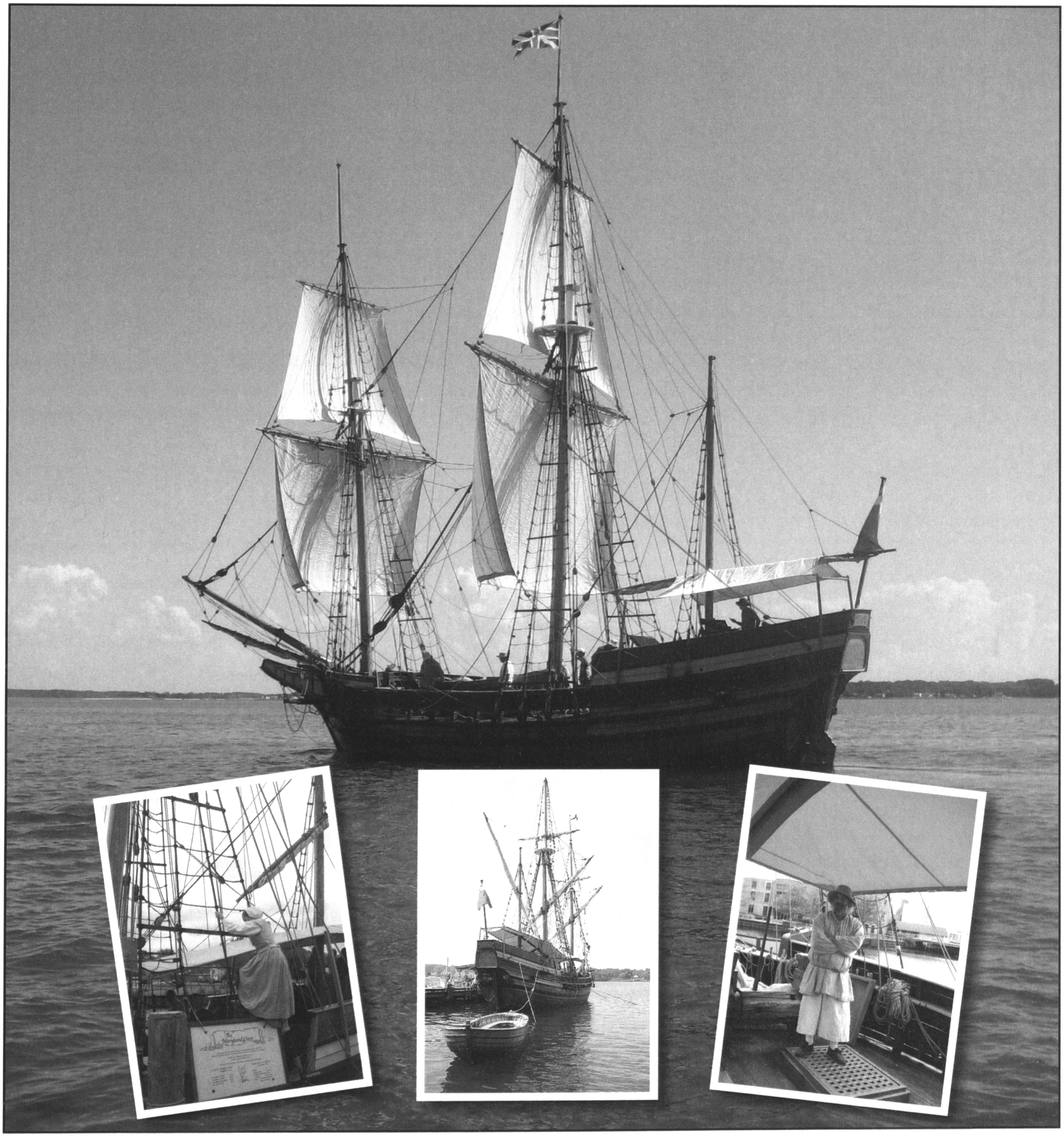
Shoreline

Vol. 19 • January 2012
For the Members of the Edward H. Nabb Research Center for Delmarva History and Culture at Salisbury University



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**EDWARD H. NABB RESEARCH CENTER
FOR DELMARVA HISTORY & CULTURE**
1101 Camden Ave.
Salisbury, Maryland 21801
phone: 410-543-6312
fax: 410-677-5067
e-mail: rcdhac@salisbury.edu
http://nabbhistory.salisbury.edu

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In a Word

By Dr. G. Ray Thompson

History is alive and well on Maryland's Eastern Shore! The collection of articles in this issue attests to the diversity of subjects as well as the breadth of time and locale covered. In this issue, we showcase not only student work but also articles written by members of the Nabb. Ranging from antiquity to the 20th century and covering topics as disparate as local lynchings and memories of Eastern Shore main street vistas, this issue is sure to be a page-turner for our readers.

Students Julie Messick, Eric Taboada, Peter Andes and Daniel Vizzard have volunteered or interned at the Nabb, making use of the Center's vast resources in writing their articles. Peter Andes poured over the earliest record books of Northampton County in order to discover the continuing importance of Latin among the earliest settlers on Delmarva. Our immigrant ancestors may have been on the frontier, but they were unwilling to give up the things that made them "civilized" – and among those things was knowledge of Latin as evidenced not only in record keeping but in naming patterns within families and inventories that recorded the kinds of classical writings these new settlers owned and valued. In honor of the return of the *Dove* to Salisbury, Daniel Vizzard wrote about that original ship and its importance to Maryland's history and settlement. We included a vintage poem written about the *Dove* by some long-ago Eastern Shore poet. Readers might pause to think how that very laudatory and patriotic ode might be received by today's readers, many more jaded than readers 100 years ago. Julie Messick's thoughtfully worded essay on the lynching of Matthew Williams offers us all a chance to reflect on man's inhumanity to our fellow humans. Two articles on religion – "Asbury's Little War" and "Churches of the Eastern Shore" – recall the importance of religion on the shore and of the place of Delmarva in establishing new religious beliefs.

Other articles reflect current exhibits at the Nabb Center. The 1886 fire of Salisbury article showcases the many original photographs and written accounts in our collections that show the devastation done to the city by that huge conflagration. Likewise, two articles – "Main Street Mardela" and "A Child's View of Main Street Berlin" – are sure to cause each of us to reflect back to our own "Main Streets" wherever they might

continued on page 16

Submissions

The Nabb Research Center is always interested in articles on the history, culture or heritage of the Delmarva region. If you or anyone you know is interested in writing for *Shoreline*, please send material, proposals, suggestions or comments to the attention of the "Newsletter Editor" as follows:

Nabb Research Center
Salisbury University
1101 Camden Ave.
Salisbury, MD 21801-6860

Or by e-mail to rcdhac@salisbury.edu. Please include the words "Newsletter Editor" in the subject line.

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READING ROOM HOURS:
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GALLERY HOURS:
Monday, Wednesday and Friday: 1-4 p.m.
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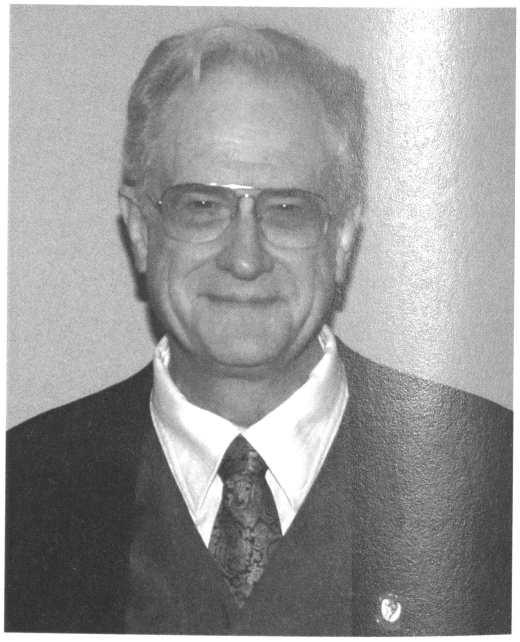
CLOSINGS:
The Nabb Research Center will be closed
December 20 - January 2 & January 16



Dr. G. Ray Thompson

Shoreline

Contents...

4 . . . . .Captain Allison Parsons,
Secessionist at Pemberton Hall

8 . . . . .A Child's-Eye View of Main Street, Berlin, Maryland
Circa 1943-1953

12 . . . .Christmas Through the Years

14 . . . .Building a Church on Delmarva

17 . . . .The Fight for Methodism: Asbury's Little War

18 . . . .The 1886 Fire of Salisbury

20 . . . .At the Hands of Persons Unknown:
The Lynching of Matthew Williams

22 . . . .Mardela Springs – Main Street at the Mid-Century

24 . . . .The Classics and their Survival on
17th Century Virginia's Eastern Shore

25 . . . .Ye Bare and Ye Cubbe

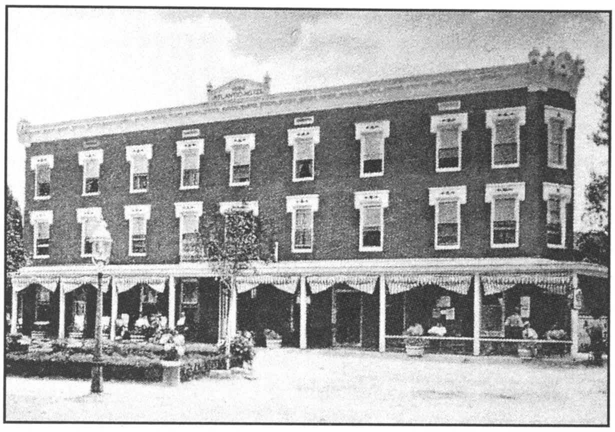
26 . . . .The Maryland Dove

28 . . . .African-American Businesses in Salisbury

29 . . . .Celebrating Our Heritage

30 . . . .Volunteer Corner

31 . . .Donors and Members



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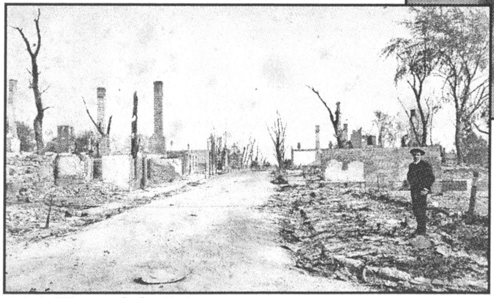
A Child's-Eye View of Main Street, Berlin, Maryland, Circa 1943-1953

LEATHERBURY

22

Mardela Springs – Main Street at the Mid-Century



18

The 1886 Fire of Salisbury

Volume 19 • January 2012

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About the Front Cover:
The cover images of the Maryland *Dove* and its crew members taken in September 2011 during the time the reconstructed 17th-century vessel was docked in Salisbury.

Captain Allison Parsons, Secessionist at Pemberton Hall

By Christopher Hagert

In conducting family history research on the Parsons family of Maryland's lower Eastern Shore, I came across an interesting anecdote pertaining to a certain Captain Allison Parsons. The story goes that Captain Allison was a Confederate sympathizer who resided at Pemberton Hall near Salisbury during the Civil War. He reportedly had in his possession an arsenal of small arms, and he would fire off a cannon to celebrate news of Confederate battle victories. His conduct led to warnings and ultimately a raid on Pemberton Hall by Union troops stationed in Salisbury. When the troops reached Pemberton, Captain Allison had buried the arms. To date, the arms have not been found. The story may have been first published in 1940 in a book titled *Maryland, A Guide to the Old Line State* by the Maryland Work Projects Administration in its description of Pemberton Hall. Subsequent and slightly edited printings of the story have appeared in other publications. Here's the story as printed in the *Guide*:

Pemberton Hall

> At the beginning of the Civil War Captain Allison Parsons, who lived here, made the house a secret rendezvous for Confederate sympathizers though Union troops were stationed in near-by Salisbury. But his attitude was soon known because he fired a small cannon at the news of each Confederate victory. After he had defied ultimatums from Union commanders, they raided Pemberton Hall only to be told the secessionist's arsenal of small arms here had been buried. The defiant captain, his brother Milton Parsons, and a loyal slave all took the secret of the burying place to their own graves. Much digging has failed to reveal it.

My ancestors are Parsons of the lower Shore and I am collaterally connected to Captain Allison, so the story naturally piqued my interest.

Ruth T. Dryden's 1993 genealogy, *The Parsons Family of Maryland*, shows that Captain Allison did exist and had a connection to Pemberton. Per Dryden, an Allison Chapman Parsons was born in Worcester County on January 24, 1818, married Leah Dashiell on October 7, 1837, died on July 19, 1868, in Wicomico County, and is buried in Parsons Cemetery. He was a captain in the Salisbury militia. His parents were Jehu Parsons and Esther Sommers of Worcester County. He inherited Pemberton Hall from his father Jehu. Dryden makes reference to his brother Milton A. Parsons, a farmer and lawyer who also inherited land from Jehu and owned a storehouse and wharf. The cannon-firing incident is even mentioned in Dryden's genealogy, but her account differs from the story as published in the *Guide*. She states that Captain Allison's father Jehu was the cannon-firing secessionist, not Captain Allison. Here is her account:

> Jehu was a sympathizer with the south. Whenever the south scored a victory Jehu had an old cannon hidden in the swamp at Pemberton and he would shoot it off. The federal authorities tried to find this cannon but never did. This story was told by Capt. Allison Parsons his son.

The problem with Dryden's account is that Jehu died in 1859, according to her own research, and the Civil War didn't start until 1861.

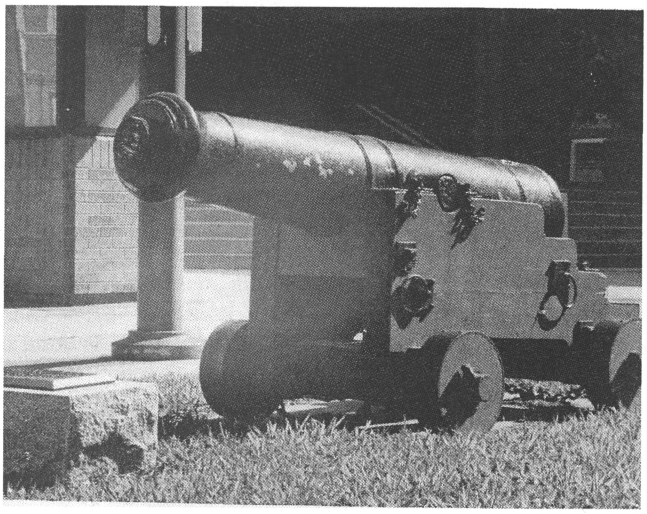
By all accounts, the lower Eastern Shore was largely pro-South in sentiment during that period, so it is possible that the Civil War-era occupants of Pemberton Hall might have been involved in such activities.

As a slaveholding border state, Maryland was divided on war issues. Generally, the western piedmont region of the state identified with the North, and the tidewater region, comprising the central, southern and Eastern Shore sections, was more aligned with the South. In the lower Shore counties, an essentially Southern plantation economy and society existed. These counties resembled the South in culture and tradition, was mostly native in population, and shared a border with Virginia, so this section identified with the South's grievances. This disposition, combined with a difficult-to-police rural and river-strewn landscape gave rise to "immense traffic of contraband to the South." Southern sympathizers of the area "used the numberless bays, rivers, creeks and guts of the peninsula as a clandestine highway to aid the Southern cause." Eric Mills in *Chesapeake Bay in the Civil War* sums it up thusly:

> For such was the geographic/political uniqueness of the Eastern Shore. Its furthermost stretch – the long, jagged-edged strip that was the breaker between Chesapeake Bay and Atlantic Ocean – was of course nothing less than an isolated, remote piece of the Confederacy. The Eastern Shore of Virginia dangled out there by itself, flat, nondescript, narrow – but important in the potential threat it held by virtue of its location. It ended at Cape Charles at the mouth of the

Bay. It offered back-door egress to Maryland's eastern portion, as well as Delaware, and posed all sorts of potential for troublemaking in those quarters.

Pemberton Hall had access to the waterways, situated as it was right on the banks of the Wicomico River across from the mouth of the Tonytank tributary, and was only a few miles from Salisbury, which was "a hub of illegal trafficking by secessionists" due to its location at the southern terminus of the Delaware Railroad. In that atmosphere, Pemberton Hall, owned by a secessionist, would have made for a prime meeting place for the area's Southern sympathizers and a base camp for smuggling arms, provisions and recruits to the south. What is more difficult to determine, however, is how the cannon and arms may have come into Captain Allison's possession, or where they came from. But as discussed here, that may have had something to do with his association with two fellow militia officers and secessionists, Humphrey Humphreys and Tench Tilghman.



Humphrey's Cannon

Through happenstance, I stumbled upon a connection between Captain Allison and the prominent Salisbury lumber merchant Humphrey Humphreys. According to Dryden's genealogy, Humphreys was married to Captain Allison's first cousin, Elizabeth Parsons. And like Captain Allison, Humphreys was an officer in the Salisbury militia (a colonel) and a man of pro-South feeling. In a July 1861 report from a Union gunboat officer patrolling the waters of the lower Shore, the following is stated:

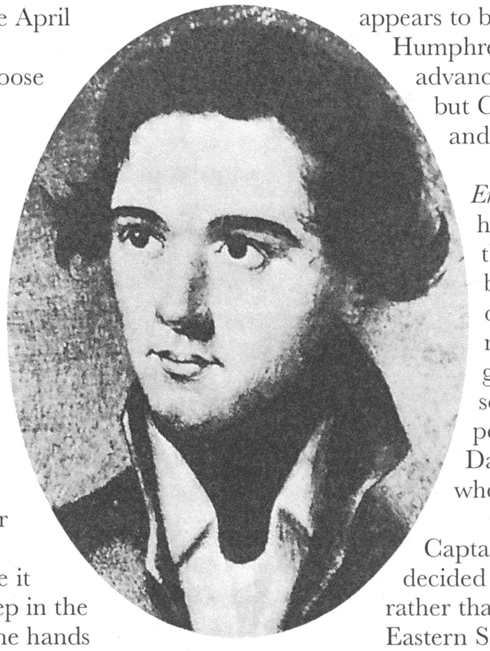
> A man named Humphrey Humphreys, in Salisbury, a colonel of militia and a violent secessionist, has now somewhere concealed a 4-pounder fieldpiece, of which I am told he is the owner. During the difficulties in Baltimore, under the orders of General Tench Tilghman, he was making arrangements to call out the militia of the county. Since however, the occupation by Federal troops at Baltimore his gun has not been seen.

The "difficulties in Baltimore" noted in the patrolman's report is a reference to the Baltimore Riots of April 19, 1861. On that day, Baltimoreans clashed with Union troops marching through the city on President Lincoln's orders. There were casualties on both sides. Pro-South Marylanders throughout the state viewed the presence of Union troops on Maryland soil as no less than an invasion, and home brigades and night patrols immediately began forming to secure Maryland's borders. Within three days of the riots, General Tench Tilghman, who was the commander of Maryland's Eastern Shore militia at that time, issued an order calling out his militia to repel the invaders:

> 22 April 1861, Division Headquarters, Easton, MD
>
> To the Citizens of the 2d. Division, M.M.:
>
> Our fellow citizens of Baltimore have been slaughtered on our own soil by the soldiers of the U.S. Government which claims our support whilst it wages war upon our institutions – our State has been made a separate military Department – our forts have been garrisoned and our State overrun by Northern troops in open defiance of the wishes of our citizens and of appeals from our constitutional authorities.
>
> I call you as your commander, to rally to the defense of your property and your homes – to enroll yourselves immediately into companies of two classes – the one to defend their homes, – the other for service in any part of the State. I hereby command all the officers of the Division to use their utmost efforts to affect these objects and to hold themselves in constant readiness to sustain the civil authorities and to protect its defenseless inhabitants.
>
> On the first of each month the Captains of Companies will make a full report to their respective Colonels and Brigadiers, and also to the Maj. General. On the 10th of each month the Colonels will report to the Brigadiers and Mag. Gen.; and on the 20th of each month the Brigadiers will report to the Maj. Gen. and Adj. Gen.

I have not found documentation stating that the Salisbury militia was under the direct command of General Tilghman, but that seems likely. Eric Mills states that Humphreys "had been hankering to put [his cannon] into action since getting his call to arms last April from Tench Tilghman in Talbot, and then being told to lie low once the Federal troops had taken control of Baltimore." Nor have I conclusively established that Captain Allison and Colonel Humphreys were friends or associates, but both men were officers in the Salisbury militia and were related by marriage, so it's hard not to envision some sort of connection between the men, if not a strong one given their sympathies.

If it's true that Captain Allison and Colonel Humphreys were secessionists and leaders of the Salisbury militia that was under the command of General Tilghman, then it would be reasonable to assert that the two men came to possess their cannons and arms on General Tilghman's orders of April 22. Those orders were to mobilize their militia unit in defense of the state, which probably included readying, if not securing arms for their militia's use. While I have not come across any account of how or when they came to possess the cannons and arms, one possible scenario under the circumstances is that Captain Allison and Colonel Humphreys took possession of whatever cache of arms was stored in the local arsenal to which they'd have had access, perhaps not long after the Riots in late April 1861.



General Tench Tilghman

Almost immediately after the riots, the noose began to tighten around Maryland's neck, possibly disrupting any plans Captain Allison and Colonel Humphreys may have had for their arms.

On April 22, the same day General Tilghman issued his orders calling up the Eastern Shore militia, Annapolis was occupied by Union General Benjamin "The Beast" Butler and forces under his command. On April 26, the federal War Department issued orders that Maryland be occupied. On May 1, the Potomac Flotilla was established to blockade the Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac. On May 6, General Tilghman's commission as militia commander was revoked, arousing "considerable adverse criticism from the pro-southern element, since it was believed to have been done as the first step in the placing of the control of the state militia in the hands of those who were in sympathy with the Federal administration." On May 16, General Butler seized Baltimore. By the end of May, the western shore of Maryland had been mostly occupied. Martial law had been imposed and *habeas corpus* had been suspended. Widespread harassment, arrest and imprisonment of pro-South Marylanders resulted. In September 1861, General Tilghman himself was arrested for his earlier actions.

In light of the above, Captain Allison and Colonel Humphreys may have found themselves in a tight spot. By this time, "the secessionists of Maryland for the most part either went South to join the Confederacy or went underground to do what they could to oppose the federals." Did Captain Allison and Colonel Humphreys "go underground?" Maybe they reasoned that their best course of action was to hold on to the arms they had acquired, conceal them out at Pemberton and "lie low" until an opportunity presented itself to serve the Confederacy in another way. It is stated in the Union patrolman's July report cited above that Colonel Humphreys had "somewhere concealed a 4-pounder fieldpiece." Had it been concealed in a Pemberton swamp along with the other arms? Could it have been the same cannon that Captain Allison would fire to celebrate Confederate victories, as recounted in the story?

It doesn't appear that either Captain Allison or Colonel Humphreys served the Confederacy in an official, military capacity. During summer 1861, General Tilghman was reported to be organizing pro-South units from the Eastern Shore counties for Confederate service: "General Tilghman, of Talbot County, Maryland, who was deposed from his military rank last spring by Governor Hicks, is organizing the disunionists in the lower counties of Maryland. He is about to proceed to Accomac, take command of the Virginia forces there, and march them up into the middle and eastern shore of Maryland, as the nucleus for the formation of a regular army there." It is not clear if Captain Allison and Colonel Humphreys played any role in General Tilghman's organization. In looking through the usual roster lists and histories of Marylanders who served in the Confederacy, neither Captain Allison nor Colonel Humphreys appears to be listed. Born in 1799, Colonel Humphreys may have been considered a bit advanced in age at 62 to join Tilghman's outfit, but Captain Allison would only have been 43 and of an appropriate age.

As for General Tilghman, the *Encyclopedia of Virginia Biography* says he "cast his fortunes with the south and enlisted in the confederate army, serving with honor," but no detail of what unit he served with is offered. It is well documented that a number of Maryland Tilghmans served in gray, including General Tilghman's own son Tench Francis Tilghman, who was a personal bodyguard to President Jefferson Davis during his escape from Richmond when the war ended.

Considering the above, it seems likely that Captain Parsons and Colonel Humphreys decided to "oppose the federals" in their own way, rather than enlist in the Confederate Army. The Eastern Shore was not as strongly occupied as the western shore was, especially during the first few months of the war, but the Shore never came under complete Federal control:

> In spite of the large numbers of Union soldiers guarding important points throughout the state, the Eastern Shore and Southern Maryland never were completely under federal control. Confederate sympathizers in those areas set up definite lines of communication between North and South. Almost routinely swift bay craft on the Chesapeake and small rowboats on the Potomac ran the blockade of Union patrol vessels."

It wasn't until September 1861 that the Federals began occupying parts of the Eastern Shore, starting with Cambridge in Dorchester County. Salisbury wasn't occupied until the winter of 1862:

> By the winter of 1862, however, a sizable force had been stationed in the town at a place alternately known as Camp Wallace or Camp Upton. Spread out on the hill south of town overlooking Humphreys Lake, the complex included scores of rudimentary huts and a camp hospital. The federal forces canvassed the lower Shore for rebel sympathizers and confiscated arms wherever they were found.

As the story goes, Captain Allison's conduct prompted a raid of Pemberton Hall by Union troops stationed in Salisbury. The story offers no specific timeline as to when the raid occurred, only "at the beginning of the Civil War" when Captain Allison resided at Pemberton. Likewise, no information about the raiding party is provided. The timeline on Salisbury's occupation shows that winter 1862 is probably the earliest point in time that Captain Allison could have been warned to cease his secessionist activities, and subsequently raided, by the Salisbury occupiers.

To determine what Federal units in particular occupied

Salisbury starting in winter 1862 in order to figure out which one may have been involved in the Pemberton raid, a detailed study of the U.S. regimental histories of that period may need to be undertaken. A review of those units' communications as well as those of Camp Upton for any mention of a scuffle with Captain Allison may yield results as well. Local newspaper accounts of that period may also be useful. Interestingly, the federal forces occupying Salisbury at the time apparently published a four-page weekly newspaper called the *Sharpshooter*, which reported on camp-related events and community occurrences "including repeated offenses by Salisbury's rebel women, who flaunted their devotion to the South and often acted in outright disrespect to the officers and troops." Perhaps an issue of the *Sharpshooter* reports on the story about Captain Allison and the Pemberton raid?

On a cursory review of some of the various regimental histories, it looks like the Eastern Shore was mostly occupied by forces commanded by Union General Henry H. Lockwood, a Delawarean. His command was known as Lockwood's Brigade, and it sounds like several of the units within his brigade were stationed on the Eastern Shore, including Salisbury, at one time or another. His command was made up of units from Delaware, Wisconsin, Michigan, Indiana, New York, Massachusetts and Maryland. Several of the Maryland units were comprised of Unionist men from the Eastern Shore such as Wallace's First Eastern Shore Home Guard, Purnell's Legion and Smith's Independent Company. Smith's Independent Company is of particular note because it was a cavalry company comprised of Worcester County Union men, formed specifically for the "special duty" of patrolling the Shore to interrupt Confederate recruiting, confiscate smuggled arms and provisions, and protect Unionist residents of the area. The company was never engaged in action and suffered no casualties. Could Smith's cavalry unit, or one of the others, have conducted the raid?

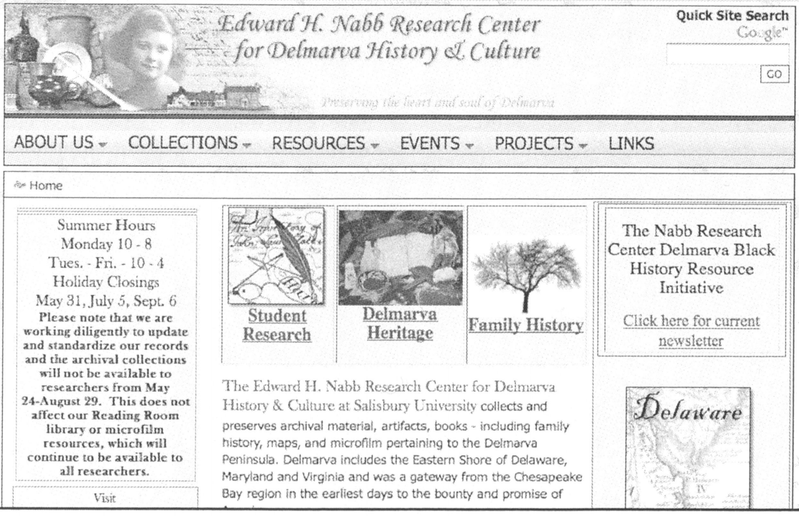
In the final analysis, the activities of Captain Allison of Pemberton Hall as reported in the *Guide* are very difficult to validate. The exercise of analyzing the story further has not lead to the conclusion that the events recounted therein actually took place, but the timeline of events and the sources discussed above show that it's quite possible that they could have occurred. As Harold Manakee states, "The stories of most such adventures have been lost to history. Even after the war accounts of them were not written for fear of punishment. Today they live principally as romantic family legends, but they are numerous."

Hopefully this article frames the issues well enough to enable a more qualified researcher than me to drill deeper into things. Certainly one of the first next steps would be to review the *Sharpshooter* publications from Camp Upton noted above, if they are available.

One final interesting question: Whatever happened to the cannon that were long ago in the possession of Captain Allison and Colonel Humphreys? According to the legend, Captain Allison buried his cache of arms, presumably including the canon, somewhere at Pemberton Hall. Per the story, much digging has failed to reveal the arms. Maybe that's because they're not underground after all. In Colonel Humphreys' 1882 will, he bequeathed to his sons several cannons that had been long-time fixtures at the front gate of his Broad Street home in the center of Salisbury. One cannon survives and is now located on the front lawn of the Wicomico County Courthouse.

Christopher J. Hagert lives in Loudoun County, VA, with his wife and two young children. His father's ancestors settled in Old Somerset County, MD, in the mid-1600s.

Find information and listings of upcoming events by visiting our Web site at **http://nabbhistory.salisbury.edu**



Summer Hours
Monday 10 - 8
Tues. - Fri. - 10 - 4
Holiday Closings
May 31, July 5, Sept. 6

Please note that we are working diligently to update and standardize our records and the archival collections will not be available to researchers from May 24-August 29. This does not affect our Reading Room library or microfilm resources, which will continue to be available to all researchers.

The Nabb Research Center Delmarva Black History Resource Initiative

Click here for current newsletter

The Edward H. Nabb Research Center for Delmarva History & Culture at Salisbury University collects and preserves archival material, artifacts, books - including family history, maps, and microfilm pertaining to the Delmarva Peninsula. Delmarva includes the Eastern Shore of Delaware, Maryland and Virginia and was a gateway from the Chesapeake Bay region in the earliest days to the bounty and promise of

Visit our Web site to learn about our constantly-growing collections and resources.

A Child's-Eye View of Main Street, Berlin, Maryland Circa 1943-1953

By Tom Wimbrow

As a child who spent his formative years in Whaleyville, I did not often leave that little village, at least until I entered fourth grade in Buckingham Elementary in Berlin, when the upper classroom at Whaleyville School was closed. Today it may seem strange, but then one did not travel by automobile for incidental reasons, especially during World War II when gasoline was severely rationed. In those days, Whaleyville had three general stores that supplied the daily needs of the community. For children a trip to shop elsewhere was considered a special occasion. Berlin, seven miles to the east, was the destination for our family when items not available in the local general stores were needed. (Salisbury, 16 miles to the west, was reserved for very special shopping and less frequently visited.)

The Berlin of my childhood was a friendly place where the merchants all knew you and your extended family, making shopping there an enjoyable and rewarding experience. As a child you never gave a thought to your safety since you were recognized as "Edwin and Laura's Boy." Equally significant was the recognition that you had better always be on your best behavior since any inappropriate actions on your part would be quickly reported to your parents with subsequent unpleasant consequences!

When I return to Berlin today it always evokes a nostalgic cerebral trip down Main Street, not so much to recall the purchases I made as a child but to remember the people who owned and operated the places of business, and to recall the ambience of each store.

In what follows, I propose to briefly commit to paper the pleasant memories I have of shopping on Main Street. If the end result conveys to the reader how special it was to deal with people who knew everyone on a personal basis and made every purchase a pleasant event, then my efforts will have been successful.

Our trip down Main Street will commence on the southern end of the business district, not far from Buckingham Presbyterian Church and terminate near the Stevenson United Methodist Church on the north end. Not every place of business will be included since I do not remember all of them; my memory is enhanced by the ones our family patronized.

The Treasure Chest

The Treasure Chest was Berlin's source of fine jewelry, china, silver and crystal. It was owned and operated by Tom and Doris Taylor, a husband and wife team whose appearance and demeanor epitomized everything that was elegant and beautiful. Mr. Taylor, always in white shirt and tie, was less evident in the daily operation of the business since he was a watchmaker and repairman. When one entered the store, Mr. Taylor was almost always to be seen at his bench near the doorway that entered into the stockroom. With jeweler's loupe attached to his spectacles, he spent many hours at the bench, maintaining the timepieces of a trusting public.

Mrs. Taylor, on the other hand, was available to assist with the purchase of the many fine products to be found in the showcases. She was always tastefully and elegantly attired, something that inspired confidence in her judgment as she helped with the selection of a gift. My parents always went to the Treasure Chest to find just the right gift for upcoming weddings, graduations, christenings and anniversaries. Anything purchased was beautifully boxed and wrapped in paper appropriate to the occasion.

The Treasure Chest was housed in the lower floor of the Odd Fellows Lodge. While I am unsure of the connection, I also recall that a fraternal order of "Redmen" used the second floor lodge as a meeting place. As a child, I was fascinated with these men when they were a part of any town parade, proudly marching in Indian garb.

Exchange and Savings Bank

My family patronized this bank for many years and it was my first contact with the world of high finance. The bank was run by Mr. Raymond Davis, who was the head cashier and a much-beloved fixture in the finance community. Mr. Davis looked the role of the banker and his presence gave the customer confidence and assurance that one was dealing with a safe and secure institution. Somewhat portly, with a shock of white hair and rimless spectacles, he wore his pants high at the waist and could generally be found at the counter, greeting by name all that entered. It was obvious that the directors of the bank had full confidence in Mr. Davis since financial decisions for the customer were made by him, usually on the spot, without undue paperwork or red tape.

My best remembered experience with Mr. Raymond did not occur until many years later when I was a senior in college. My father had always insisted that the first car I owned would be purchased solely by me since it was his firm conviction that I would appreciate it more if it was purchased with my hard-earned money. Consequently, I arrived at the second semester of my senior year in college without a vehicle. It became evident that I would need my own transportation that semester to commute to the required student teaching experience.

Dad partially relented on his views on car ownership by offering to co-sign a note if Mr. Davis would agree to loan me the money. A 1954 Oldsmobile was found at Culver Motors in Salisbury with a price tag of $500. With some trepidation, I went with my father to see Mr. Davis. The entire transaction occurred at the teller's cage near the front door of the bank. Dad explained my need and his willingness to co-sign a note; Mr. Davis reached under the counter and produced a half-page demand note form that we both signed, and he then handed me $500. The note was a 90-day note at 6 percent interest. I was given a number of options as to what would be possible after the 90-day period, but Mr. Davis made it clear that as long as I paid the interest in a timely fashion the note or any portion of it could be renewed at my discretion until my personal budget allowed it to be retired. The bank never held the title to the car and no proof of insurance was requested. The only collateral was my father's signature and Mr. Davis' faith in the good name of the Wimbrow family. Such was small town banking in Berlin!

Joe Hollins Store

Joe Hollins' store was on the corner of Main Street and Bay Street directly across from the Exchange and Savings Bank. Among other things, Joe offered inexpensive men's and children's clothing. On occasion, my father would take my younger brother and me to Joe for needed outfits, especially in preparation for Easter.

Fridays and Saturdays were especially busy days for Berlin merchants since these were the days country folk came to town to do their dealing. As a result, by Saturday evening the sidewalks would often be somewhat messy. Joe Hollins had an enduring practice that set him apart from the other Main Street merchants. At closing time on Saturday, he carefully swept the sidewalks adjoining his store, placing the accumulated sweepings into a pile in the gutter whereupon he set it on fire. It was always a sign to me that stores were closing and it was time for us to head back to Whaleyville when Joe's cheerful little fire appeared in the gutter.

Farlow's Pharmacy

Farlow's was the only place in the immediate area where a druggist could be found. When your family physician gave you a prescription to be filled at Farlow's you knew it was serious business since most doctors kept a supply of drugs on hand in their offices and dispensed them in little envelopes as a part of the visit to see them.

Farlow's is best remembered by me because of the special odor that greeted you when you entered; a smell when infrequently encountered today means "drugstore" to me. The odor can best be described as a wonderful blending of the many items available other than drugs, including cosmetics, Whitman's Sampler Candy, tobacco products, and freshly printed magazines and papers.

Atlantic Hotel

By the time of my first remembrances of Berlin, the Atlantic Hotel was well past its prime and was no longer a place for lodging and fine dining. I vaguely remember it when the original porch was intact and the small lawn with the large trees fronted Main Street. The memory more important to this effort is what supplanted the porch and trees sometime immediately after World War II. It was at this time that the porch and trees disappeared and two new brick fronted stores appeared in their place. The two stores were separated by a "tunnel" that went back to the original entrance of the hotel into what had been the lobby. The space to be accessed by this tunnel entrance subsequently became offices and efficiency apartments.

The two new stores were quickly occupied; the one on the south side of the tunnel became an appliance store run by Gordon Patton. Immediately after the war, there was great demand for electric appliances of all sorts since most had been unavailable or in limited supply during the war years. It must also be remembered that the outlying areas of Berlin in many cases did not have access to electricity until after World War II. Our family purchased our first "really modern" refrigerator from Mr. Patton, replacing an old G.E. Monitor Top model that had been in use since the 1920s. Later this store closed and was replaced for many years by Bunting's Jewelry and Gifts.

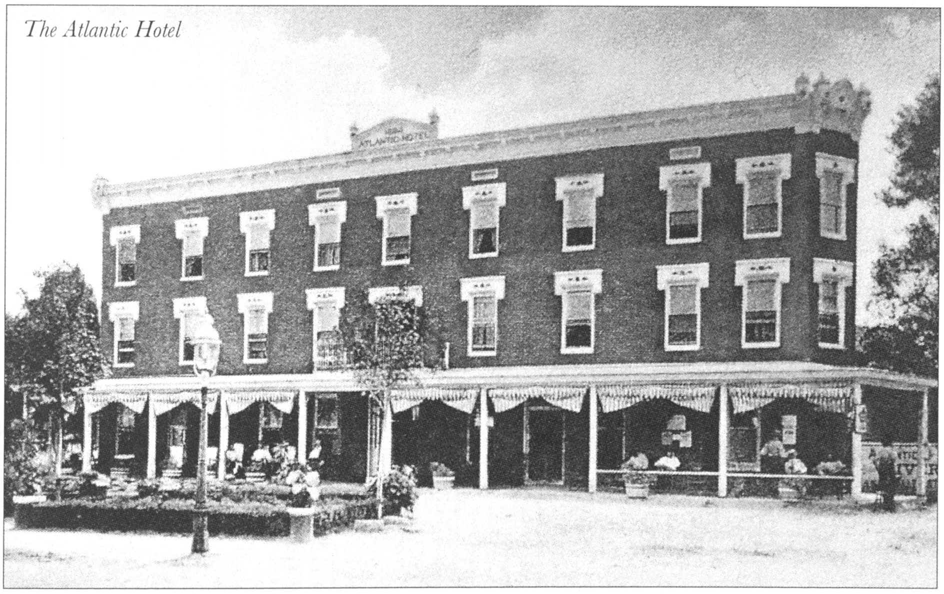
The store on the north side of the tunnel opened as a modern soda fountain named The Cove and was operated by Raymond Coates. It quickly became a favorite gathering place for those who attended Buckingham School. It is interesting to note that for a period of time downtown Berlin supported three soda fountains, all within a two-block area.

Globe Theatre

Immediately behind The Cove on Broad Street was the Globe Theatre, still in place today as a restaurant of the same name. It was there that at age five I had the thrill of seeing my first motion picture. Several years were to pass before I ever saw a movie elsewhere. It was the tradition at the Globe to devote Friday nights to the presentation of Westerns, or as my father called them, "horse operas." Nothing created more excitement for me and my younger brother than to be told on Friday afternoon by Dad that a trip to the Globe would be forthcoming that evening. Since my father detested "horse operas," he never accompanied us; rather he gave us each 25 cents and deposited us under the marquee of the Globe. He then proceeded to Conley and Rayne's Soda Fountain to spend the evening with other men who congregated there for coffee and conversation.

Twenty-five cents covered the cost of admission to the globe with enough left over to purchase a bag of popcorn. You got your money's worth at the Globe on Friday night. The evening's entertainment on the screen encompassed the previews for the coming week, a cartoon, a "short," examples such as The Three Stooges or Abbott and Costello, and finally the feature movie. Favorite Western stars included Lash LaRue, Johnny Mack Brown, The Lone Ranger, Roy Rogers and Dale Evans,

The Atlantic Hotel



Hopalong Cassidy, and Gene Autry.

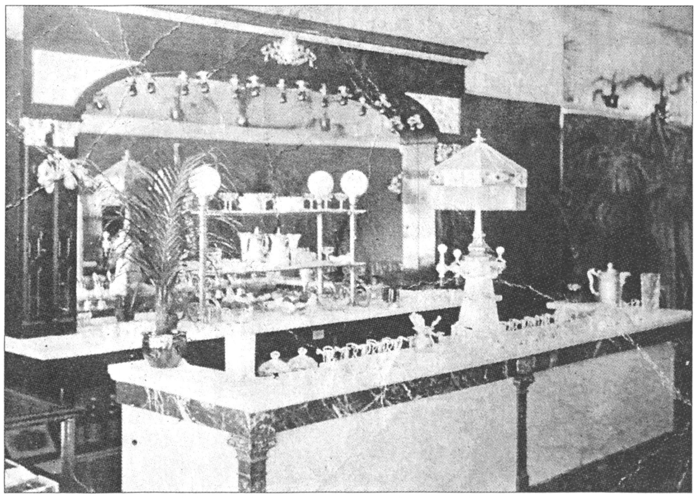
Following the film, my brother and I were instructed to come directly to Conley and Raynes to meet our father where the offer of a Coca-Cola awaited to conclude a wonderful evening. Without fail, the next day was spent with friends in the back yards of Whaleyville re-enacting the movie from the night before, cap pistols blazing and arguments abounding as to who shot whom!

The manager of the Globe Theatre was Earl Connelly and the remembrance of him brings the need to record a cultural tradition of the times. The Berlin of my youth was a segregated town and at no place was it more evident than at the Globe. My brother and I never had the pleasure of watching the movie from the balcony since it was designated as African-American seating only. Steps from the lobby took one to the balcony, and I have firm memories of Mr. Connelly standing at the balcony stairs barring the exit of African-American patrons until all the whites had exited the main floor. Only then did he step aside and allow the balcony viewers to depart. I must confess I never gave a second thought to this practice as a child; it was just the way things worked at the Globe.

Conley and Rayne's Soda Fountain

Conley and Rayne's still exist today as Rayne's Reef and is remarkably unchanged. In my childhood, the soda fountain was presided over by Bob Dennis, who spent his entire adult life in that position. Bob was a unique individual. Regardless of weather conditions, he never was seen wearing a jacket. His attire never varied: white t-shirt, twill work pants and a pencil behind his ear. All young people who entered were greeted by the same name – "Jughead"! For at least 40 years, Bob could be found behind the counter at Rayne's, flipping hamburgers, grilling hot dogs, dispensing coffee, Cokes, milkshakes and chocolate zips.

Besides the fountain, Rayne's also had booths and old-fashioned wire chairs and tables that were no doubt pre-World War I in age. In addition to the men traditionally meeting at the fountain counter, a group of Berlin housewives met daily in the back booths to share small town news.



A soda fountain similar to Conley and Rayne's on Main Street Berlin, which was operated by Raymond Coates.

The Style Guide

The place for quality men's and youth clothing was The Style Guide, operated by John Howard Burbage, later to be known as Berlin's Mayor. John Howard, as everyone called him, was very much the vision of a haberdasher. Always immaculately dressed with pocket handkerchief and matching tie, he supplied everyone with their "Sunday's Best" as well as formal attire for weddings and proms. The Style Guide also offered the "Suit Club," a unique service run by an employee named Bob Bradford. Bob traveled the countryside on behalf of the store encouraging men to join the Suit Club. Quite simply, joining the club entailed signing up for the service and receiving a payment card not unlike a bankbook. It was Bob's duty to visit each customer on a regular basis and collect a predetermined amount of cash, the transaction duly recorded in the book. By this means, men of limited resources could accumulate funds over a period of time for the purchase of new clothing. When needed, one simply took their Suit Club card to the store and cashed it in for needed items. My older brother was a patron of this service for years. While helpful to customers, it goes without saying this was a wonderful source of free operating capital for John Howard Burbage and no doubt helped with cash flow problems in what was essentially a seasonal business.

The Jeanne Shop

Directly across the street from The Style Guide and next to Conley and Rayne's was The Jeanne Shop, the female equivalent of The Style Guide. Operated by Miss Mattie Powell, it was the destination of every lady in the area when fine clothing was needed. Miss Mattie had started life as a secretary and worked for a number of years in that capacity for J. Richard Phillips, a local canner. Even though a competent secretary, she had always harbored the desire to own a dress shop. With the help of her employer, Mr. Phillips, who loaned her the initial funds needed to start the shop, she eventually became a respected, successful, and valued member of the Berlin business community. Whenever my mother received an invitation to an important social event, the discussion that followed with my father invariably concluded with him saying, "You had better go see Mattie." This was his approval of my mother spending the necessary money to assure she was suitably attired for the upcoming event. Miss Mattie knew her customers well, including their tastes and their sizes, and was able to direct them to items of apparel that were appropriate to the person and the occasion.

J.H. Williams Company

This store was an old-fashioned variety store that could be likened to a smaller version of F.W. Woolworths. It was owned and operated during my childhood by Ralph and Bessie Williams and was locally known as "Ralphs For Everything." Indeed, almost anything one could want was somewhere to be found on its shelves. From mousetraps to electrical parts, to pots and pans, to Ritz dyes, it was available. Mr. and Mrs. Williams were childless and, as a result, had a soft spot in their hearts for all children. At Christmas time the second floor of the building was turned into a Toy and Christmas Department. Accessed by wooden steps at the rear of the store, it was a world of wonder for all children.

One of my memories includes my younger brother Dick and his trip to see Santa Claus there. It was the custom for Santa to visit the upstairs toy department at Ralph's on weekends during December. When Dick was about five years old, he learned of this and pestered my mother to take him to see Santa. She promised to do so the next weekend, and for the remainder of the week Dick told everyone he met in Whaleyville that he was going to see Santa on Saturday. I will forever remember my embarrassment when the day arrived. Along with Dick and my mother we ascended the wooden stairs to fulfill the much-anticipated visit. Santa, in his best jolly form, met us at the top of the stairs whereupon Dick burst into tears and refused to go anywhere near him. I think my mother was as disgusted as I was embarrassed!

A much more pleasant memory of Miss Bessie was a trip one year to the store to buy a Mother's Day present. As I recall, I had 25 cents to spend on the gift, and I immediately told Miss Bessie that was my budget. She set about escorting me throughout the store, showing me everything that could be purchased for a quarter that she felt was an appropriate gift. Eventually, I settled on a glass vase, not so much because of its beauty but because it was the largest item she had shown me. Miss Bessie then offered to giftwrap it for me at no charge. I was allowed to select the paper and ribbon that I thought my mother would like and Miss Bessie concluded the sale with a beautifully wrapped present. Even by the economic standards of the time, I have come to realize Miss Bessie made little or no profit, but in the process she made a little boy very happy and his mother even more so.

The Burbage Powell Company

The Burbage Powell Company was a dry goods/women's clothing store and, as such, did not have a great deal to offer a small boy. However, it did have a unique cashier system that was endlessly fascinating to me. The only other similar system I ever saw was installed in the R.E. Powell Company on Main Street in Salisbury, MD.

Somewhat difficult to describe, it was obviously designed to limit the number of employees handling money by centralizing the cashier system with a single person making change and controlling the day's receipts. The system consisted of several checkout counters throughout the store, each connected to a cashier's cage on the second level of the building by a series of taut wires. Fastened to the wire was a small "trolley" holding a metal cup that was activated by a pull cord. When a purchase was completed, the clerk assisting the customer on the floor filled in a sales ticket and accepted the money. This was then secured in the trolley cup, the pull cord was given a firm jerk and the trolley went flying up the wire to the cashier's cage where a mechanism captured it. The cashier retrieved the cup, verified the accuracy of the sales slip, placed the money in a cash drawer, and made any change that was necessary. The completed receipt along with any change due the customer was then returnd to the cup and with a firm pull on the cashier's pulls cord it was sent whizzing back down the wire to the cashier's station on the floor where the contents were tendered to the customer. On a busy day, with many customers shopping, one can imagine the excitement generated for a small, mechanically inclined boy, as cups flew back and forth on wires high above the store.

Berlin Hardware

Owned by Mr. Tom Wells and Mr. Everett Cropper, Berlin Hardware was the typical hardware store of the era. Somewhat dark and cluttered, it smelled of linseed oil, manila rope, paint, kerosene and fertilizer, and was the place everyone went for needed hardware items. Mr. Cropper was the one who manned the counter throughout the day, while Mr. Wells could be found at a desk in a dark back corner, wearing a green eyeshade, attending to the paperwork of the business. Mr. Cropper was the epitome of a hardware merchant: hair parted in the middle, always in shirt and tie, and in winter wearing what I always called the "old man's brown knit wool cardigan sweater." Mr. Wells was a stout roly-poly man in rimless glasses, quiet and unfailingly courteous.

For at least two generations, Mr. Tom Wells, a Whaleyville resident, was the "taxi service" for the children of Whaleyville who needed to stay after school at Buckingham School. The procedure was always the same. Once it was determined that you needed to stay after school for sports practice, extra help from your teacher, or any one of a number of social activities, protocol required you to call Mr. Tom at his home the prior evening. It was a foregone conclusion that your request to ride home to Whaleyville the following day was approved; he never turned anyone down. Nonetheless, etiquette mandated the phone call. The hardware store closed at 5 p.m. each day, so it was your responsibility to be at the store a few minutes prior to closing. The store was heated with a large pot-bellied coal stove surrounded by chairs where you quietly waited for closing. You had the choice of watching Mr. Cropper and Mr. Wells wait on customers or you could start your homework. In any event, it was a warm and relaxing experience on a cold winter's day that is never to be forgotten.

Mr. Tom always drove a small basic Chevrolet with manual transmission. The trip home to Whaleyville was usually quiet; Mr. Tom was not prone to extensive conversation. Instead he usually whistled a little nondescript tune between his teeth. He also had the fascinating habit of never using second gear on the Chevrolet's manual transmission, always shifting from first to third without going through second. Such are my childhood memories of a kindly, quiet hardware man who helped many young folks enjoy after-school events that would not have otherwise been possible.

The Purnell Company

By the time of my childhood The Purnell Company had ceased having any large economic impact on Berlin. It was owned and operated by two elderly brothers who evidently looked upon it more as a diversion and social club than a business. In winter, the store was heated by a centrally located stove, surrounded by several captain's chairs, usually occupied by the old men of the community. The shelves of the store were sparsely stocked with items that could best be termed antiquated. One such item that held my fascination was several pairs of women's high top buttoned shoes that must have been on the shelf since World War I.

My family shopped at The Purnell Company for work clothes, hunting clothes and hip boots, since this was one area of merchandise that the owners kept up-to-date. Many years later, The Purnell Company building housed Berlin Hardware after the demise of Mr. Cropper and Mr. Wells.

Ned France's Store

How does one describe the establishment operated by Ned France? If a needed item was odd, unusual, quirky, or possibly illegal or immoral in the 1940s, Ned was the man you visited! Ned often had as much merchandise on the sidewalk as he did in the store. Old-fashioned rolls of kitchen linoleum stood next to cheap furniture along with magician's supplies since Ned was also an amateur magician. It was also well known that one could discreetly purchase pornography or even condoms under the counter there. While never permitted by my parents to shop at Ned's, it was a "forbidden fruit" source of fascination for me and my friends and often enlivened the conversations held in the back of our school bus as we made the daily trip to and from Berlin.

Parker Brothers Sinclair Station

As we conclude our tour of the Berlin of my youth, I ask that you join me for a detour off Main Street, taking Commerce Street one block to Parker Brothers Sinclair Station. It was a perfect example of a 1940s gas station. The Sinclair brand of gasoline has long since disappeared from the American scene but was a major brand of the era, its logo being a dinosaur. The Parker Brothers had an excellent reputation for their repair service at a time when the offerings of a gas station included mechanical repairs, tune-ups and tire service.

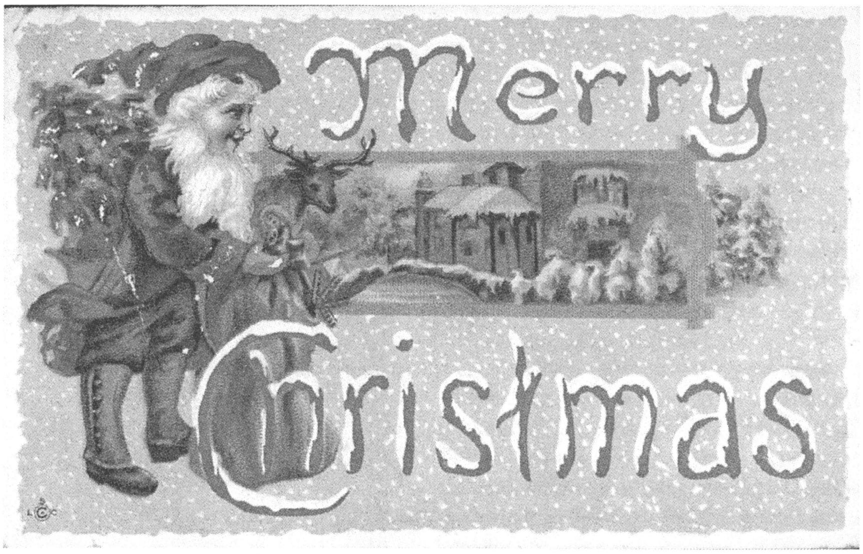
My special memory of this station was that they also sold bicycles. The brand sold was the same one that my father had owned in his childhood, and he felt it was important that my first (and only) bicycle should be the same. I will always remember the pride of ownership when I returned to Whaleyville with a new 26-inch blue boy's bicycle, complete with battery operated, fender-mounted headlight, and later a speedometer mounted on the handlebars that was geared to the front wheel. I rode that bike thousands of miles in Whaleyville during the coming years. In fact, it was my major mode of transportation until I got my driver's license at age 16.

What is to be gained from this trip down memory lane other than the recounted memories of another era? The author hopes it will record for future generations the story of simpler, quieter times prior to the rise of the "Big Box Stores" that eventually supplanted and led to the demise of the small merchant. While the large stores of today have made it possible to consolidate shopping under one roof and in so doing have achieved volume buying with subsequently lower prices, it is somewhat sad that the personal service of caring and friendly merchants who knew everyone has been diminished. What we have gained in speed and economy may have been more than offset by the loss of personal interaction among friends and neighbors.

Tom Wimbrow grew up in Whaleyville in the 1940s and '50s. A graduate of Salisbury State Teachers College (now Salisbury University), he was an educator and administrator in the Harford County Maryland Public Schools. Now living in retirement in Seaford, DE, he devotes much of his time to historical pursuits, including documenting life on Delmarva during his childhood. He gives the late Dr. William H. Wroten, his college history professor, and his father, the late R. Edwin Wimbrow, credit for his interest in and love of all things historical.

Christmas Through the Years

By Dorothy Pinto



Recently, I thought back to a certain Christmas – 1952 – the first Christmas my husband Bob Pinto and I celebrated together. I was reminded how customs have changed through the years. I was also reminded of an "old" letter that I had in my possession. That letter was written 100 years ago in 1911 by my husband's relative Cora Pinto to her mother. In that year, Tom Pinto had just returned to the Eastern Shore from Duluth, MN, where he had opened a jewelry store. While there, he married a local girl, Cora Covert, and had three children, Herman, Robert (Bob) and Edgar. The young family relocated to the Eastern Shore and Cora, in writing to her mother back home in snowbound Duluth, reminisced about their first Christmas on the Eastern Shore. Cora's grandmother Estelle Covert had sent cloth bags, which served as laundry bags and handkerchiefs for the boys. Tom was pleased with the tie he received as a gift and Cora was delighted with her handsome present – a blue apron the same color as a dress she remembered her mother having worn and which seemed to tie her even closer to her far-distant mother. She was also pleased with a white dress that she received and with underclothing that she had made. Cora went on to describe the Christmas tree that stood in the living room that the children particularly enjoyed. Cora made cookies with holes in them, white and ginger cookies, and then got a quart of cranberries and strung them with popcorn, candy and nuts into a brightly colored chain encircling the tree. Apples and oranges were added to make the tree even more colorful, or so her sons thought. Cora's letter continued to describe the Advent festivities, mentioning neighbors who stopped by and were offered some of Cora's newly made fudge as they chatted and warmed themselves.

Fast forward a number of years to the 1930s to find Marguerite Pinto, daughter-in-law of Cora, doing her Christmas shopping, sometimes waiting until Christmas Eve day to complete her shopping list. She put up the Christmas tree on Christmas Eve as she had done when the children were small. The children believed that the tree along with their filled stockings had been carted to the house and set up by Santa. My husband Bob used to say that it was Christmas morning before his mother Marguerite finally finished with her Christmas preparations – and he was right about that!

When Bob was a senior in high school, the school had a Christmas dance. He volunteered to get some mistletoe. Of course, he took friends along with him to shoot down the mistletoe from the top branches of nearby trees. Shotguns were the weapon of choice with which to "down" a ball of mistletoe, but I'm not sure if they even had a gun. At any rate, Bob climbed a tree all the way to the top, from which height he fell. I'm not certain what he broke, but he ended up breaking or spraining something really badly and, as a consequence, missed the Christmas dance!

Bob and I (Dorothy) were married in June 1951, and we lived with his parents until they moved out. Before they left, they wall papered some of the rooms – a fact which I hated because they didn't offer me a choice of what kind of wallpaper I'd like! We spent Christmas with his family, but I put up a tree anyway. (We moved in, I think, on January 1, and started paying $30 a month rent.) I was working and Bob was helping with the farm work. We didn't have much furniture – I had the bedroom set my mother and father gave us – which they had bought for me when I lived at home. My Aunt Bessie gave us a refrigerator that had two trays of ice and a washing machine that only agitated. I had to fill the washing machine with a hose and it leaked badly. We bought a stove from the local school, a new hot water heater, and used living room and dining room furniture. That was about it as far as furnishings in our "new" house.

Back to Christmas – we had mostly cedar trees for our Christmas trees. They smelled good but were hard to decorate. We used strings of colored bulbs for the tree; when one light burned out the entire string went out. We also had that awful silver tinsel, which was a real mess to put on and remove. It created a much worse mess than the cedar tree itself.

We used a cedar tree for years until we moved and I finally got what I wanted – a spruce tree. One year I insisted on a blue spruce and the needles fell off so quickly we had to get a second tree, even though I had only put it up in mid-December. The second tree was a live tree that we planted. Unfortunately, it died. A friend later gave us another blue spruce that we put up in the front yard, but that one too is now sick and leaning precariously!

You might remember Christmas with grandma and "Big Pop-pop" when all their children and their spouses and grandchildren were together for Christmas. What confusion there was – with 25 people in the room, some overflowing into other rooms. Torn wrapping paper littered the floor. At some Christmases, there were three Bobs, two Ricks, two Marys and three Eddys. Someone always managed to get the wrong present and poor grandma would be so tired from all the preparations that she nearly collapsed in her chair. Bobby recorded one Christmas on his movie camera and it was bedlam!

One year during the 1960s, we had a huge snowstorm on Christmas Eve. Cynthia and Bobby got a sled for Christmas, and they thought the snowstorm was perfect for their new sled. Unfortunately, Bobby was sick with, I believe, the measles. Anyway, he thought it was cruel that his sister could go out and play in the snow while he had to remain inside in bed.

When Cynthia and Bobby were young – and even until they were teenagers – we would all pile into our car after a big Thanksgiving dinner and ride into town to see the Christmas lights. They were the prettiest I think I've ever seen. The lights were strung across the street from light poles, red and green with a gold bell in the middle of each string. All the strings were lined up in rows so that when we came into town, driving up the hill, we could see all the glowing lights. The firemen had put up the lights just before Thanksgiving and had decorated the firehouse and the courthouse as well. The lights were first turned on Thanksgiving night when the Christmas season officially started.

While I'm recording memories, I have a special one that I recall. Strings of bulbs would go dark if one single bulb was malfunctioning. Dad Pomeroy, my father, thinking he could find a way to solve this problem, put a penny behind the fuse in the fuse box. Although he'd done this before and it had worked, this time it didn't work. He blew out the local transformer and the whole neighborhood went dark, not just our own house, but the houses of all the neighbors as well!

Talk about a Merry Christmas! Take these threads of memories, put them together with yours, make new ones and have a happy and blessed Christmas!

Dorothy Pinto is a contributing member and frequent patron at the Nabb Research Center. Dorothy has a long-standing interest in the history of the Eastern Shore and its distinctive culture.

Building a Church on Delmarva

By Eric Taboada

America has often gone through times of religious fervor and revivalism and often that sense of revival is connected to a specific area. Though not unique to North America, many of the religious revivals caused by the United States' practice of religious freedom can be traced back to Colonial times on the Delmarva Peninsula. Compared to the surrounding colonies, the Delmarva region was a hotbed of religious activity and diversity. This is likely due to Maryland's early policies of religious tolerance that attracted many non-mainstream faiths such as Quakers to the Delmarva region. During the Second Great Awakening in the early 19th century, this area saw an unprecedented explosion of conversions to Methodism that have affected the spiritual atmosphere of the Delmarva Peninsula to this day. The large number of Methodist churches on Delmarva is a reflection of the revival spirit and the individuality inherent in Methodism.

Few churches remain from the Colonial period, but those that survived were for the most part Anglican. Anglicanism was imported to the North American continent through its English colonists and was part of the first colonists' lives. The Jamestown church, first erected in 1608 and restored at the historic Jamestown site, demonstrates the importance of religion in the colonists' everyday lives from the time of earliest settlement.

As English colonists spread throughout the Delmarva area, more Anglican churches were built. Christ Church, organized in 1631, and Old Trinity Church, organized pre-1690, are perfect examples of the spread of Anglicanism through the Colonial Eastern Shore. Christ Church parish was built on Kent Island, located in the northern region of the Chesapeake Bay, by a group of Virginia traders who had settled on the island due to its easy access to waterways into northern Maryland. This trading town was well established at least two years before the founding of Lord Baltimore's St. Mary's City. There is evidence that a church building may have been built as early as 1637, but the first documented church in this area dates to 1712. At some point prior to 1690, Old Trinity Church was built in Dorchester County, MD, on what came to be called "Church Creek." This was a church of some prestige, receiving several gifts from England's Queen Anne, "the patron saint of the Church in the Colonies," including her coronation pillow, an illustrated Bible and a silver communion service.

Anglicans were not alone in spreading their faith across the Delmarva Peninsula. Maryland's policy of religious tolerance attracted many denominations, including Puritans, Baptists, Presbyterians, Catholics and Quakers. The Third Haven Meeting House located in Talbot County, MD, was built in 1684 as a Quaker meetinghouse and is one of the oldest religious structures in the United States still in use for its original purpose. Early Presbyterians had developed several settlements in the Delmarva region. In Sussex County, DE, a Presbyterian congregation was organized in 1667, though its original church structure, Blackwater Church, was erected in 1767. The Rehoboth Presbyterian Church, organized in 1683, was built in Somerset County, MD, in 1706.

These early churches, regardless of their religious denomination, were all subject to a growth and decline in their memberships, which tended to fluctuate from one decade to another. There were several events that affected the growth of these churches. The First Great Awakening saw a general rise in church participation in most denominations in the United States. The beginning of Methodism in the Delmarva region started later and initially only had small effect on the membership rolls of churches such as Christ Church Parish, Methodism itself originating as a reform movement within the Anglican Church. The First Great Awakening was only the first of a series of religious upheavals to have a dramatic effect on Delmarva.

Prior to the American Revolution, Anglican and Presbyterian churches made up the majority of Delmarva's spiritual structure. With the onset of the Revolutionary War, this began to change. After the United States successfully broke away from England, the Anglican Church, which had broken all ties with England, came to be called the Protestant Episcopal Church. Associated with "Toryism," it saw a sharp decline in its membership. Furthermore, one year after the end of the Revolutionary War the Methodist Episcopal (ME) Church was officially created. Now that the Episcopal Church was weakened

REHOBOTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
HERE FRANCIS MAKEMIE BEGAN HIS MINISTRY IN 1683

Rehoboth Presbyterian Church

ANTIOCH M. E. CHURCH, PRINCESS ANNE, MD.

Antioch Methodist Episcopal Church

through its association with England, the Delmarva region was ripe for religious change as people began once again to renew their faith through a new denomination, noted for its emotionalism.

Six years after the creation of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Second Great Awakening saw the rise of the new official Methodist denomination in the Delmarva region. Though Methodism was officially formed in 1784, there is evidence that there were active Methodist groups within the Delmarva region before this. Bethel Chapel, originally known as Brown's Chapel, was built in 1781 in Sussex Count, DE, three years before the official formation of its faith. Methodism spread rapidly, in large part due to campground meetings and an extensive network of wandering preachers such as Joshua Thomas, who became legendary for his conversion work throughout the islands of the Chesapeake Bay, as well as his regular attendance at all of the local camp meetings from 1805 for the next 40 years. Campground meetings became so popular among Methodists that they continued to host such events throughout the 19th century, necessitating the establishment of places such as Carey's Camp (founded in 1888) and Antioch Camp Ground (founded prior to 1856). Both of these locations were or would eventually be connected to churches as the campground meeting practice fell out of favor in the 20th century. However, Carey's Camp continues the tradition of campground meeting to the present day.

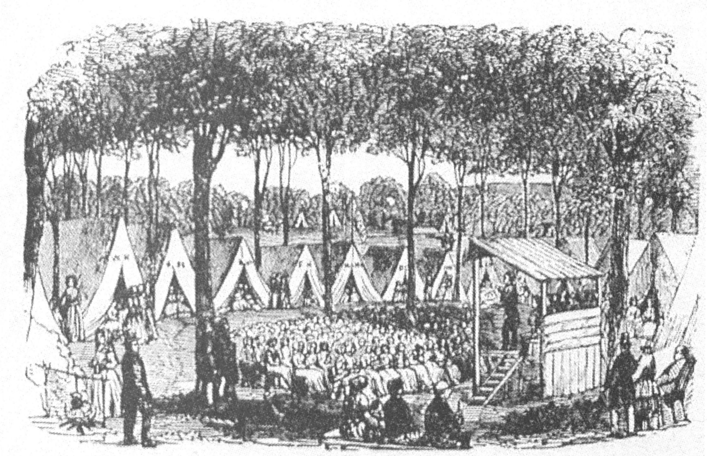
During the early years of Methodism, the spiritual focus for many areas was the local preacher. Local circuit riding preachers became a fixture on Delmarva due to a combination of poor travel conditions, the barrier of the Chesapeake Bay, and the inability of the official church structure to supply their church circuits with enough preachers and ministers. These preachers were known for their religious fervor during a time when the local preacher received little compensation for a difficult and time-consuming job. Many of these local preachers earned fame through their participation at camp meetings. Earlier preachers such as Joshua Thomas, William Lee Dalby and Loyd Moore participated in most major camp meetings, including the Tangier meeting, in some way.

Camp meetings were a major factor in the development of Delmarva Methodism. Camp meetings were generally gatherings that had a "fair-like" quality that attracted many people to one location. Methodists would camp out at a designated site and mingle, while preachers would give sermons and perform services all around the camp. These events were a powerful mechanism of conversion. Preachers exhorted sinners in the audience to follow Christ and many who would become the next generation's preachers were converted at these functions. Conversion rates were high at most meetings, making them popular events among both participants and organizers. One of these events in particular seemed to have had a lasting effect. The camp meeting at Tangier was one of the largest and most effective functions during 1805, attracting over 10,000 people. Camp meetings lasted from a single week to as much as a year depending on participation and resources. The camp meeting of Tangier Island, VA, had a lasting effect on both the preachers who attended as well as those who were converted, shaping the spiritual foundation of the Delmarva Peninsula for decades. Many of the converts at the Tangier meeting became preachers themselves who often mentioned in their memoirs that this particular meeting was a turning point in their lives.

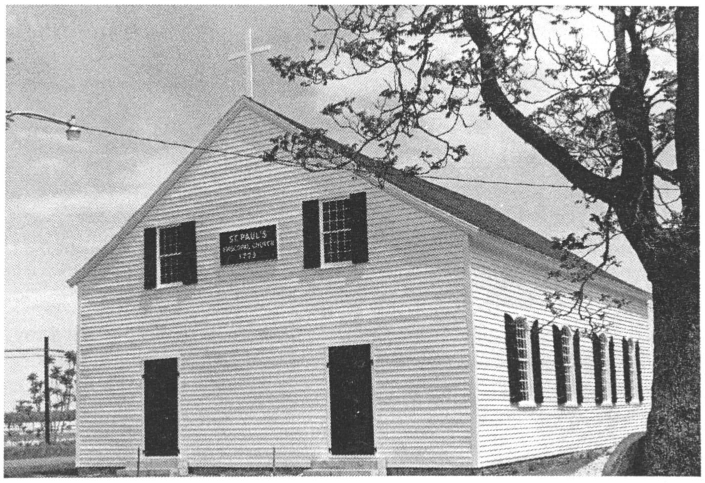
Local preachers became even more important with the beginning of the Civil War. The war prevented cross-bay traffic, effectively cutting off mainland circuit preachers from coming to the Eastern Shore. To further complicate matters, Methodism was also split into northern and southern branches. This complication would remain until they reunited in 1939. Before the Civil War, the Methodist Church had become a strong force in the Delmarva region aided by activities of both local and circuit preachers who helped fuel the zeal prevalent during the Second Great Awakening.

The rising membership of Methodism during the Second Great Awakening resulted in an increase in the number of Methodist churches during the 19th century. Churches such as Asbury Methodist in Salisbury, MD (built 1801), Cokesbury Methodist in rural Somerset County, MD (built 1803), Antioch United Methodist in Princess Anne, MD (built 1832), St. Johns (built 1853), McColly's Methodist (built 1857), Wesley Chapel (built 1861), Portsville United Methodist (built 1869), Trinity Methodist (Salisbury) and others were built throughout the Delmarva Peninsula contributing to the over 700 churches that presently exist on the peninsula. Most of these churches were subject to the same rise and decline in membership as their older cousins, causing some to fall into disrepair while others flourished.

Circuit preachers were always prevalent in the Methodist



Methodism on Delmarva grew, thanks in part to campground meetings.



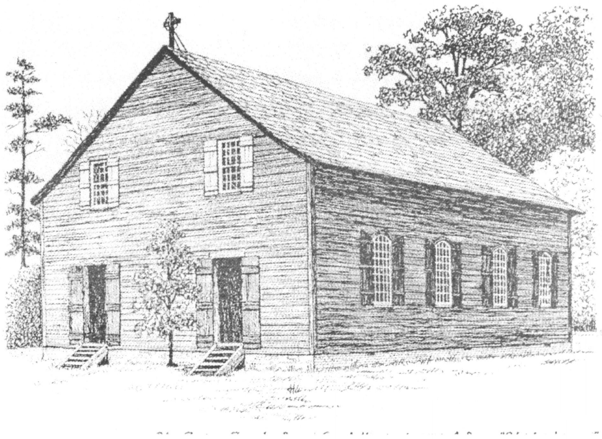
Spring Hill Church

structure and had a great impact on the spirituality of the Eastern Shore. Circuit preachers such as Charles W. Hill, Henry M. White and Edward E. Allen were all attached to their respective conferences. Though they did spend some time on the Eastern Shore, it should be noted that most circuit preachers seemed to move from church to church. A man named Charles L. Stillwell joined the Virginia Conference in 1917 and retired in 1957. In his 40 years of service, he was pastor of seven different circuits ranging from Maryland's Eastern Shore to Richmond, Virginia, as well as several smaller "stations," including a stint in Missouri. This frequency of removal to "new" assignments often made it difficult for specific circuit pastors to make a noticeable contribution to a particular area. This is especially true for the Delmarva area, which lacked major city centers comparable to Philadelphia or Baltimore during the 18th and 19th century in which pastor's such as Henry M. White, who served in both Philadelphia and Wilmington, would make names for themselves.

There was a basic pattern to the development of most churches in this area. Churches required an organized group of people of a denomination who wished to build a church. During the earlier periods of Delmarva history, churches were built with donations of money, land, material and labor from a few local industries. Later, congregations often purchased the land or the building in which the services were to take place. The earliest churches were built as simple log structures that were often replaced by frame buildings. A frame church was almost always present in some way before the more iconic brick and stone buildings replaced them. The frame buildings were often victims of fire. Those that survived as frame structures were often renovated due to the efforts of specific ministers or due to increasing participation of the surrounding area requiring the church to expand. The churches seen in the present day in city centers like Salisbury or Easton were usually the results of rebuilding efforts or renovation performed later in the 19th century, though continued renovation and repair of churches has been necessary as they grow older. There are a number of churches that have been kept close to their original design such as Christ Church in Laurel, DE, Green Hill Church and Old Spring Hill Church. These churches were often in a state of disrepair for a period of time before being renovated by a group of people or a historical society. Many "historical" churches often continue to provide limited church functions on specific dates such as the annual service on St. Bartholomew's Day at Green Hill Church.

Eric Taboada, an English major, served as an intern at the Nabb Center during summer 2010.

Green Hill Church, Quantico, MD



Old Christ Church, Laurel, DE

In a Word continued from page 2

have been. Our major gallery exhibit this year is the "Main Street Salisbury." Please come see it!

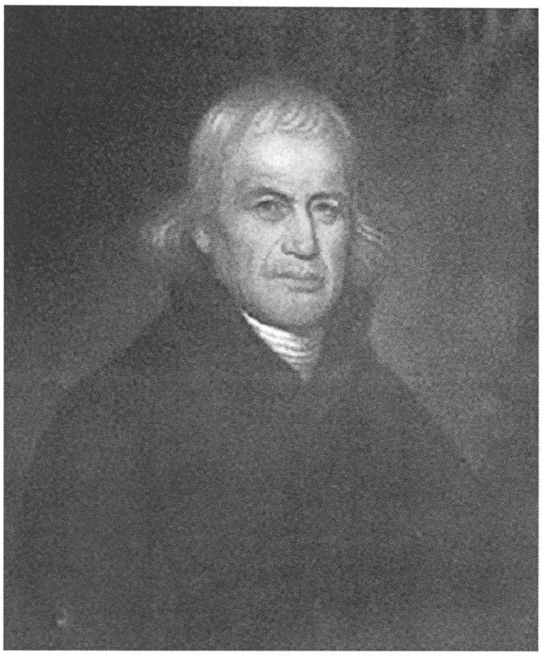
Looking to the spring semester, I call your attention to "Ye Bare and Ye Cubbe." One of the earliest attempts to assert self-governance in British-speaking America was right here on the Delmarva Peninsula. During the spring, we'll be hosting a recreation of that play, staged initially in 1665 in Northampton County, VA. Lectures and discussions will accompany this exciting presentation.

In preparation for the coming year and our plan to have an issue of *Shoreline* dedicated entirely to the Civil War, we have a teaser in "Captain Allison Parsons, Secessionist at Pemberton Hall."

We hope the diversity of this issue will please you. We hope also that you are enjoying the holiday season and that the coming year will bring you to Nabb to partake of the cultural and documentary riches from which many of our articles are created.

The Fight for Methodism: Asbury's Little War

By Denise A. Horner



Francis Asbury

The country was literally "up in arms," during the Revolutionary War, fighting the British. Rebels looked askance at Methodists for two reasons. One, because Methodists were pacifists, having the peculiar odor of men who refused to fight the Tories or Loyalists, those Americans who sided with the British. And two, because John Wesley, father of Methodism, didn't relish a break between the American colonies and Britain, his followers were branded Tories.

When the Revolution began, Francis Asbury, the Methodist preacher Wesley had sent to minister to the colonists, wrote in his journal for October 13, 1777: "Commotions and troubles surround me without, but the peace of God filled my soul within. We seemed to be in a strait, but my heart trusteth in the Lord."

A hard-boned man with a long, slightly bumpy nose, thick, wavy lips and straight-set eyes, framed by fair hair waving under at the ends, Asbury had a 'patriarchal' appearance. His eyes and firm jaw surely gave a commanding aspect to his preaching and hundreds came out, even into open fields, to hear him.

Asbury was living in Maryland, but reluctant to take an oath to fight in the war, he feared arrest and fled across the line into Delaware. From mid-February 1778 until late April 1780, Asbury took up residence in Kent County with Judge Thomas White about 15 miles southwest of Dover. "I am not yet forsaken of all," he wrote in his journal, "but am happy in the family where I stay, and my soul is fixed on God. I have a private chamber for my asylum, where I comfort myself in God and spend my time in prayer, meditation and reading." When in 1795, at the age of 65, Judge White died, Asbury noted, "I have lived days, weeks, and months in his house."

Though living not far from White's house in an outbuilding on White's property, screened by trees, Asbury fairly often went where he pleased. While he avoided trouble with the Marylanders, he still preached, even going so far as to visit the houses of important men such as Delaware Governor Caesar Rodney. In November 1778, the great Methodist preacher even left his hiding place at White's and went to Somerset County, MD. Not long before Asbury's visit, Freeborn Garrettson, a native-born Methodist circuit rider of the day, had gone there. Asbury may have desired a meeting. Of his winning souls in Delaware, Asbury related in an 1804 letter to Zachary Myles, a layman in Baltimore" "I think near eighteen hundred [converts] were added in that State during my stay of twenty months."

For two years after the war began, Asbury was the only English Methodist preacher in America.

Other religious men had come from abroad only to return home out of fear of the colonists' dangerous Anglophobia and because, to a man, they disagreed with the rebels – all except Asbury. In spring 1779, a letter of Asbury's was read by American army officers. In it, Asbury spoke of America's struggle to break free of Britain, to become a new nation. He told of his belief in their struggle and how also he felt friendship for many of the Americans. He won the officers' respect and his own freedom to move about. On April 21, 1780, Asbury moved out of White's home, essentially free to preach up and down the Peninsula.

In addition to winning souls, something else occurred during Asbury's two-year stay at Judge White's. He had come to a strong conclusion. He would follow the Quakers' lead against slavery and preach abolition to the Methodists. With blacks comprising 30 percent of all Delmarva Methodists, there was a great fervor for a redemptive kind of religion, what later became the Methodist Episcopal sect, one embraced by whites and blacks worshipping more or less in the same churches.

In 1781, Delmarva's Methodist population was 27 percent of the national total. Then a schism occurred. John Wesley believed that only ordained Anglican ministers, like Thomas Coke and Asbury, could administer the sacraments of baptism and Holy Communion to the flock, but after the revolution, these men, being English, were scarce. A solution had to be found to ordain Americans to perform the tasks. Wesley himself ordained Richard Whatcoat and sent him to America with Coke. Since Wesley was not an Anglican bishop, he had no power to ordain anyone. Asbury and Coke went further though, and put themselves up for election as co-superintendents with the powers of ordination – they could create new Methodist ministers in the same way as had Wesley, neither being an Anglican bishop. To Wesley, they went too far, and in time, Wesley's influence in America decreased. Asbury went on to become a circuit-riding preacher and kept a journal of his days in the saddle, preaching and administering to multitudes.

Barratt's Chapel has been called the cradle of Methodism. At the two-story brick church near Frederica about 10 miles southeast of Dover, DE, built in 1780, Francis Asbury preached his last sermon on April 14, 1815. He may have been reminiscing, for on Sunday, November 14, 1784, he and Thomas Coke had given American Methodism its birth. In that same church on land sold for five shillings by Phillip Barratt, a Kent County sheriff, the sect split forever from the mother church, as America itself had from the motherland. Long after the war, in 1806, Asbury wrote to Coke that, in the spread of Methodism,"the Eastern Shore excels all."

Denise A. Horner is a receptionist for the Nabb Research Center.

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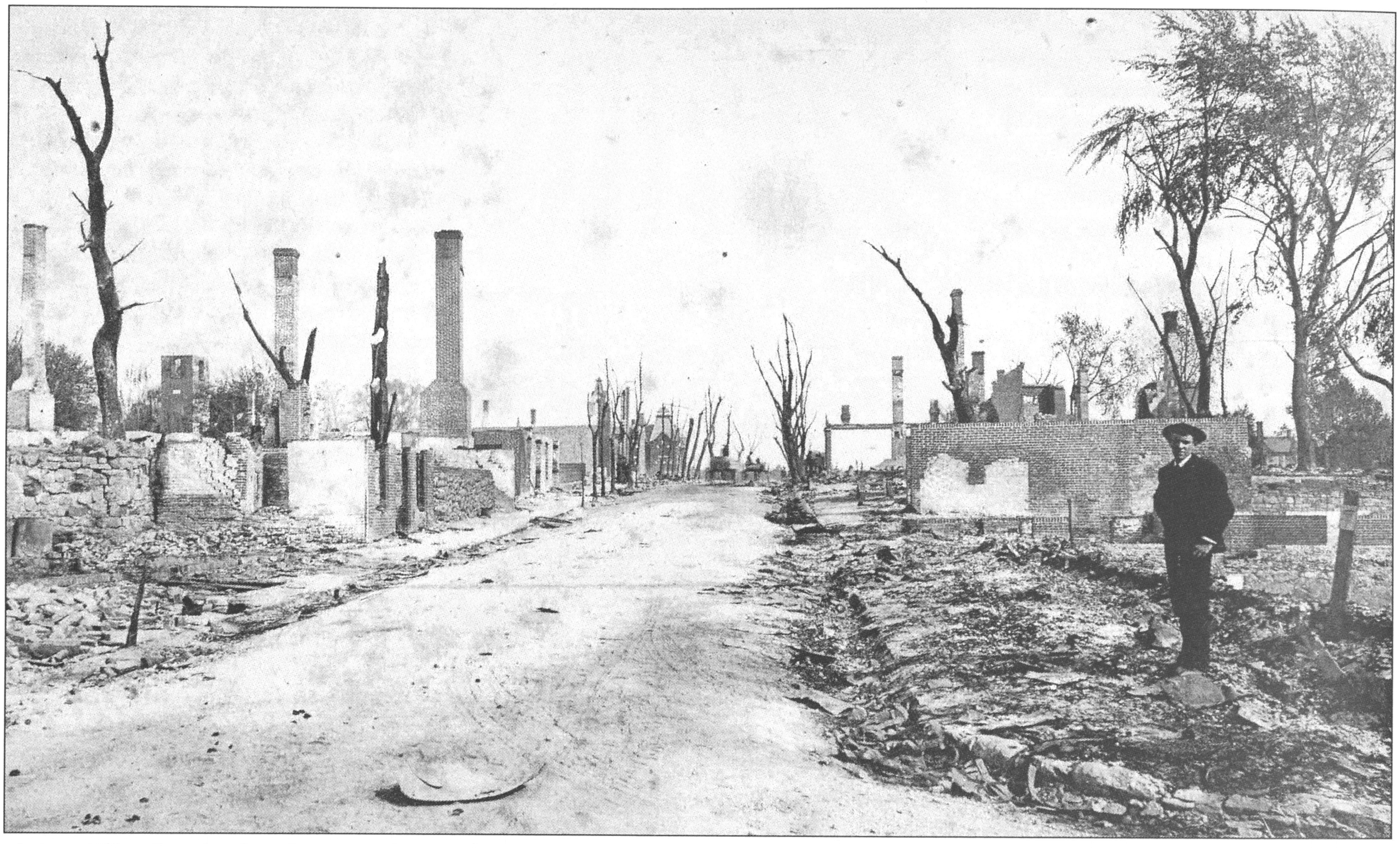
The 1886 Fire of Salisbury

By G. Ray Thompson, PhD



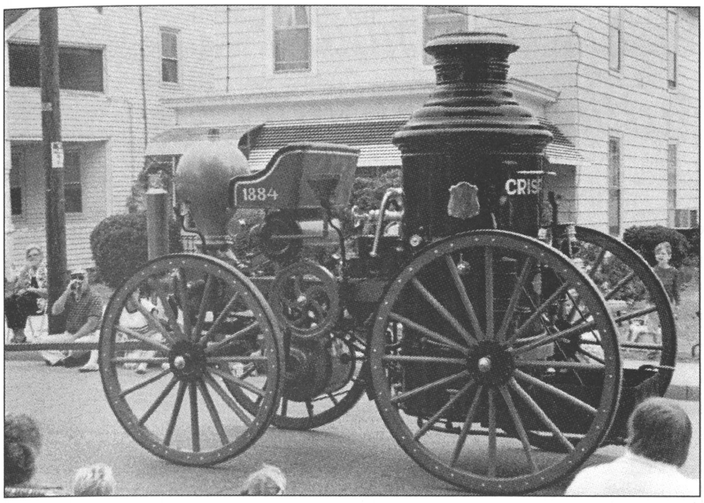
A view of Main Street from Dock Street to the Court House.

Fire has been no stranger to Salisbury. Within a quarter of a century, Salisbury was severely damaged by two disastrous fires. In 1860, just before the opening of the Civil War, a majority of the town was destroyed by a great fire. Twenty-five years later, the city had been rebuilt – but, again, of course, in wood, which was so plentiful on the Lower Shore. Then on October 17, 1886, a second fire occurred reducing the city to rubble and ashes.

Within the quarter of a century between the two fires, Salisbury had seen great changes. It had grown to become the most thriving town on the Delmarva Peninsula within a six-county area. The city had a brisk trade, due in large part to the coming of railroads that made Salisbury the literal hub of Delmarva. Its population had grown from 1,000 in 1860 to 3,000 in 1886. Salisbury had become a "peninsular metropolis," catering to a largely rural population of farmers, mariners and watermen. Salisbury had gone from being a small village straddling the borders of Worcester and Somerset counties to become the county seat in 1867. In its rush to newfound prosperity, the city had not considered the disadvantage of having a city constructed of wooden structures hastily built and crammed tightly together – a situation tailor-made for a disastrous fire. The post-Civil War period had bred a sort of complacency among the Salisbury citizenry, who had more wealth than ever before. So, it was no surprise that on Sunday evening, October 17, 1886, when the city listened calmly as the church bell rang out at about 7 p.m., there was no thought of any imminent danger. The city believed its populace was merely being beckoned to evening church services. In reality, the church bell of St. Peter's Episcopal Church was clanging to alert the people of Salisbury that fire had begun near the waterfront of the Wicomico River.

The fire had begun in the stable of S. Frank Toadvine, on Dock Street in the extreme lower part of the land between the two prongs of the Wicomico River. The fire company was notified and immediately sent out its Silsby engine, dubbed "The Steamer." The engine, however, did not work. Yet, just two months prior to the fire, the City Board had requested the Chief of the Fire Department to "clean up and put the fire engine in thorough repair as early as possible." A newspaper account indicates that the fire engine had been allowed to become rusty and was entirely useless in helping extinguish the fire. The flames quickly spread to the nearby stores and homes that were made of wood. A prolonged period of drought had made the structures dry as tinder. Add to that the fact that a stiff breeze was blowing and the flames easily spread from one structure to the next, moving in a north-and northeasterly direction. The wind could not have been more co-operative to permit a total destruction of the town.

The townspeople were described as being "struck by terror"


The Crisfield fire engine, along with two engines from Wilmington, arrived in Salisbury to assist with the firefighting efforts when the Salisbury engine failed.

and "nearly crazed" with fear. Although some residents managed to save some of the valuables and household articles from their homes, a newspaper characterized the behavior of the frightened citizens as chaotic. Many threw furniture into the street, where it was engulfed by the advancing flames. Others stood by, doing nothing, transfixed by the magnitude of the fire.

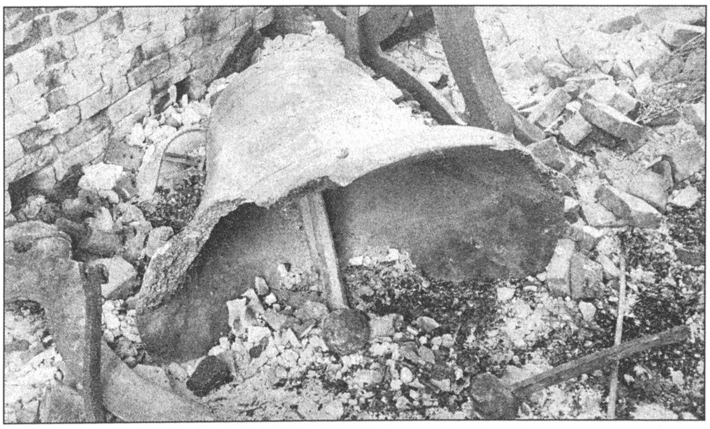
The city's hotels, banks, churches, businesses and dwellings were all swept away. Only two small stores escaped the general destruction. Engines came from Crisfield, Pocomoke City and Wilmington, but all they could do was "play in the ashes" as the fire had advanced too far to save the majority of the town. The flames raged on as long as they had anything to feed upon. The smoke and the flames of the fire could be seen for a long distance and people drove as far as 10 miles to see the burning town.

Assistance from the neighboring towns of Crisfield and Pocomoke City and from Wilmington, DE, came promptly, but their actions were not enough to stop the raging fire. The streets were full of people whose homes had been destroyed. Many of the city's men camped out while women and children went to the houses in the "suburbs" on the other side of the river – in the newly growing Camden area. At midnight, the fire was still raging and there seemed to be no hope of staying its progress. Bucket brigades tried in vain to stop the spread of the fire. By the end of the first evening of the fire, it looked as if there would be total destruction. The heroic efforts of the fire companies, however, had been able to cordon off the new courthouse and save it from the general conflagration. No lives were lost as far as could be determined. After 17 hours, the fire was quelled, but by that time 22 acres in the center of town had already been burned. Among the photographs taken of the burned-out area is a panoramic view that provides a surrealistic touch with the new courthouse standing starkly surrounded by the remains of the burned-out business district. The total loss of property was placed at $1 million, with only half that amount insured.

Among the businesses that were burned were the following: L.W. Gunby's Hardware Store, valued at $8,000, it had only $4,000 insurance coverage. S.F. Toadvine lost his house, grocery store and mill, valued at $18,000, having only $8,000 insurance to cover his losses. B.L. Gillis and Company had stock worth $20,000, which was partially covered by insurance. The L.M. Dashiell grocery store was worth $3,000 and had insurance valued at $2,000. Some stores, like Mitchell and Ennis grocery store had no insurance and lost everything; John Disharoon had no insurance to cover his $1,000 loss. S. Ulman and Brother lost $5,000 worth of contents with $4,000 coverage; they also lost a $2,000 building with only $1,500 insurance on the structure. R.E. Powell and Company lost their $4,500 building, which was mostly insured; however, their $35,000 of stock was insured for only $25,000. Peninsula House hotel valued at $7,000 was insured for $5,000; it contained furnishings valued at $5,000, with an unknown amount of insurance. Mrs. Lea Hoover lost her $3,000 dwelling and Miss Sallie Fish, her dwelling and store, valued at $5,000. E.E. Jackson (later governor of Maryland) and his company lost their mills and lumber valued at $75,000 and insured for $30,000. The opera house was burned. Although the post office was burned, the letters and correspondence were saved. Drs. F. M. Slemons, W.G. Smith and H. S. Todd all lost their homes as well as did W.S. Parsons. The Salisbury Hotel owned by S. Ulman was partially insured. The Episcopal Church, the Methodist Church and the Catholic Church all burned. J.W. White's livery stables had no insurance.

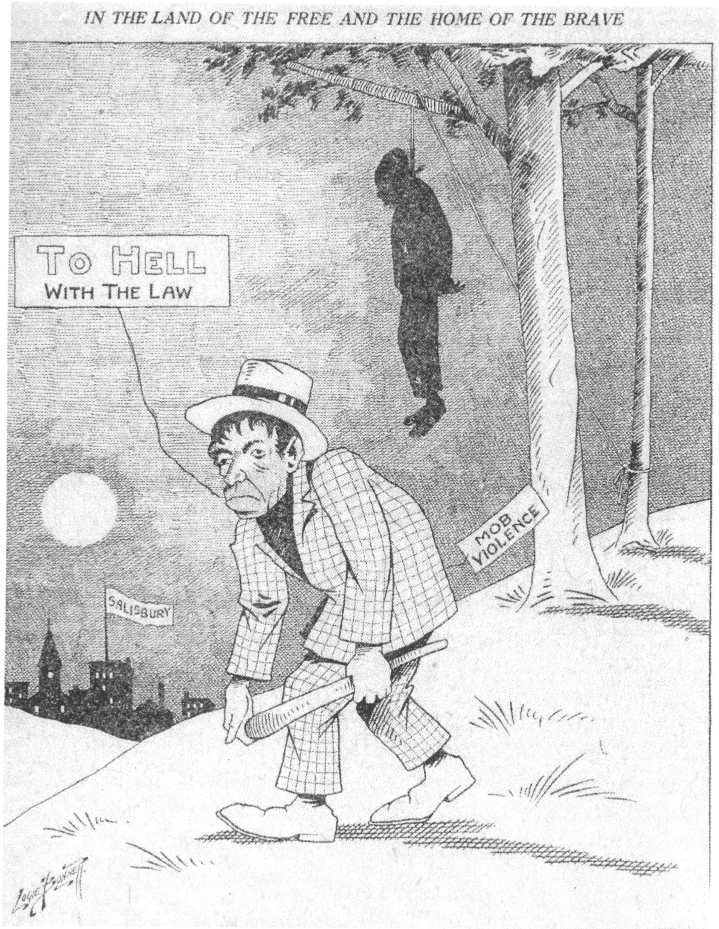
In recognition for their efforts at curbing Salisbury's fire, the fire companies of Crisfield and Wilmington were awarded certificates of appreciation. Local, regional and national newspapers covered the conflagration. Those few buildings that had somehow miraculously escaped the path of the fire were pressed into service as rooming facilities or for business ventures.

Following the fire, downtown Salisbury was soon rebuilt – but this time in brick – as a new fire code mandated that no frame structures could be erected within a certain area of the city. This time, buildings were constructed largely with impressive brick or stone facades, often decorated with the latest Victorian architectural details. Salisbury historian Richard Cooper summed up the fire saga, saying that "the fire really marks the transition of Salisbury from a country town to a modern city." The fire of 1886, although a disaster for the time, is in part responsible for Salisbury's continued growth and development. Later fires would be quickly curtailed by the watchful Fire Department and citizenry. Luxurious houses began to crop up in "Newtown" and in the Camden Avenue "millionaire's row" areas. Strong brick-built businesses formed the backbone for a new Salisbury. Salisbury after the fire of 1886 emerged as a bustling hub of Delmarva. She was no longer the sleepy little village she had been prior to that disastrous October 17 fire.


Episcopal Church Bell

At the Hands of Persons Unknown: The Lynching of Matthew Williams

By Julie Messick

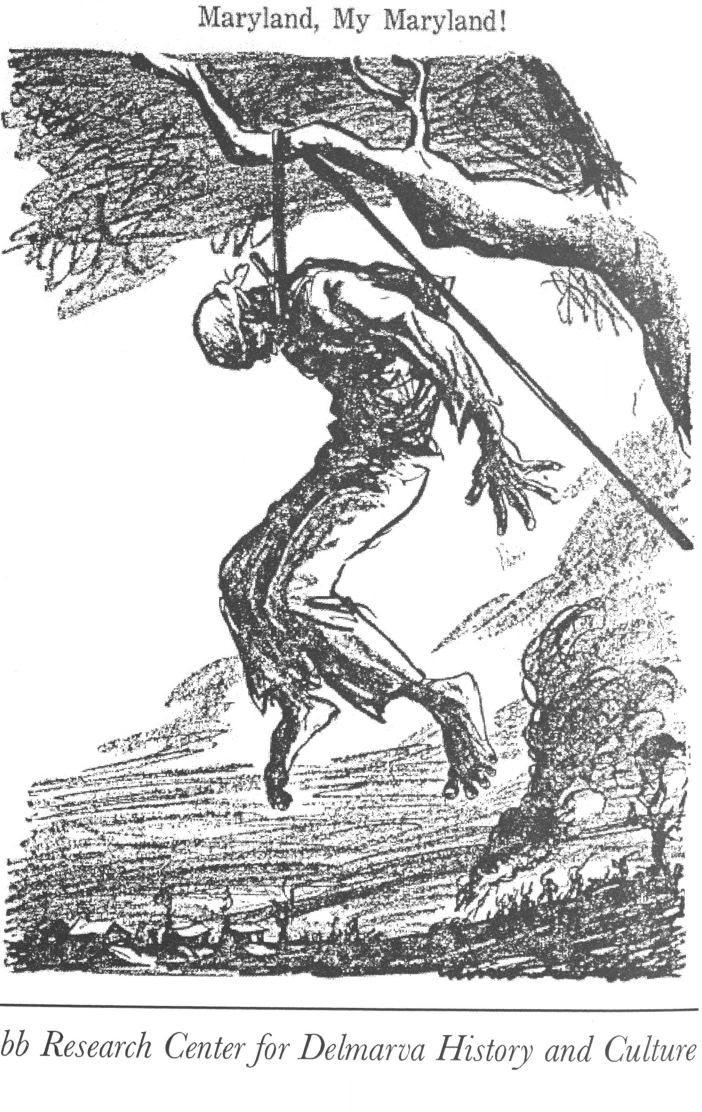

IN THE LAND OF THE FREE AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE
TO HELL WITH THE LAW
MOB VIOLENCE
SALISBURY

"In the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave" appeared in the Jeffersonian on December 12, 1931.

In 1931, Salisbury was the largest city on the Eastern Shore. The Eastern Shore was separated from the rest of Maryland by the Chesapeake Bay, and the only way to get to the Western Shore was by ferry or by traveling all the way north of the bay. Salisbury was also the location of a horrible crime that is a stain on the history of the region. The lynching of Matthew Williams is an event that is rarely spoken about in this area, but in order to try and understand what happened, facts need to be presented.

On December 4, 1931, Matthew Williams, an African-American lumber worker, was arrested for the murder of his employer Daniel J. Elliott. Williams allegedly shot Elliott and then attempted to commit suicide but failed and then fled the scene. Daniel Elliott Jr., the son of the victim, present at the time of the alleged shooting, chased Williams and shot him. Williams was then transported to Peninsula Regional Hospital. It was originally reported in the *Salisbury Times* that Williams had died of his wounds, but later that night a news bulletin appeared in the window of the Times office declaring he was still alive and at the hospital. A mob of some 200 men had gathered, with six men going into the hospital to retrieve Williams. Although they were denied entrance at the front door, they were able to get in through the side entrance. Finding Williams, they dropped him from the first floor window and dragged him to the lawn of the courthouse. They hanged him on an oak tree standing in front of the courthouse and raised his body up and down several times. Next, they went to a nearby gas station to get some gasoline. They then set his body on fire at the edge of the black section of town. They also cut up the rope used to lynch Williams and gave away pieces for souvenirs.

The day after the lynching there was barely any mention of it in the local papers, it was described as a "demonstration." *The Baltimore Sun* raged against the lynching and the people who did not prevent it. H.L. Mencken, who was a well-known writer for the *Sun*, wrote an editorial piece, "Eastern Shore Kultur," condemning the entire Eastern Shore. The Eastern Shore natives


Maryland, My Maryland!

"Maryland, My Maryland" appeared in the Baltimore Sun on December 6, 1931, in response to the Williams lynching.

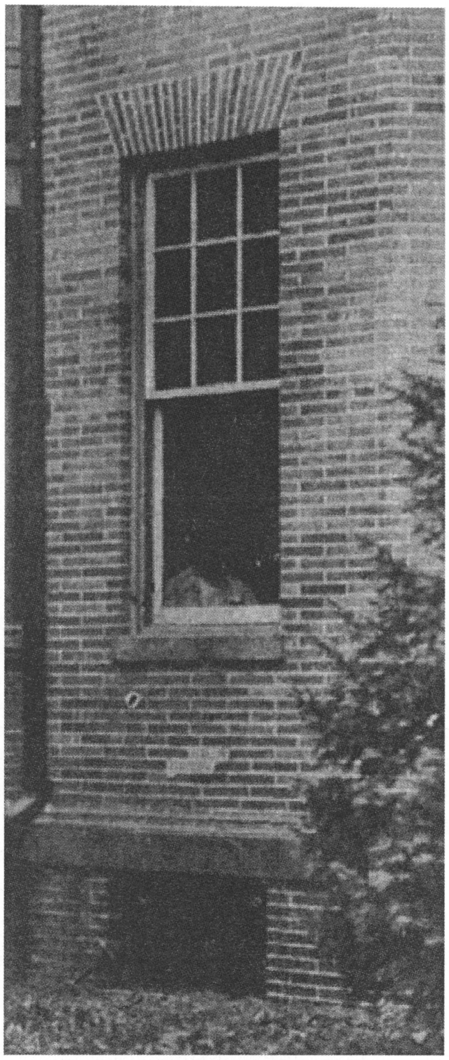
reacted to this and other condemnations of the Eastern Shore and the descriptions of the lynching with threats of boycotting Baltimore businesses. Seceding from the State of Maryland to form a new, separate state was even considered. This resentment of the Western Shore and the "us versus them" attitude persisted for years.

Wicomico County residents denied participating in the lynching, instead blaming people from other counties or from Virginia. They also claimed that there was an "outside" organization of communists in the area fomenting unrest. Communist organizations were believed to be telling local blacks that they were being exploited by their white employers. It was also rumored that Williams had attended one of these meetings earlier the day of the murder. Several accounts of the incident claim that the victim's son James, rather than Matthew Williams, had murdered his father. One account suggests that Williams had saved up a large amount of money and had given it to Daniel Elliott for safekeeping. Elliott's son supposedly stole that money and when his father confronted him about it, he shot him. After all this time, the true culprit most likely will never be known.

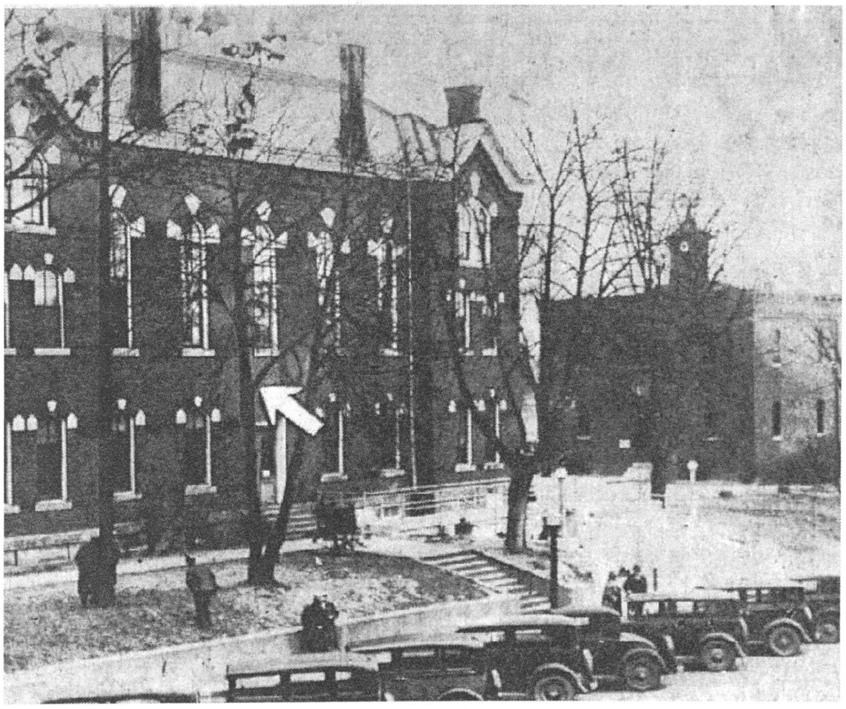
The excuse for the lynching reported by the local papers was the feeling of anger and frustration about the delay of a trial of another African-American criminal. In October 1931, in Worcester County, a family of four was murdered and the prime suspect was Euel Lee, an African-American farm worker. He was being represented by a communist lawyer, Bernard Ades from the International Labor Defense League. Lee was taken to Baltimore after his arrest for safekeeping, and those on the Eastern Shore resented this interference by the "outsider" state authorities. Frustrated by the delays in the Lee case, the people in Salisbury decided to take "justice" into their own hands.

A jury was selected to try and indict suspected leaders of the lynch mob. In March 1932, it was announced that no leader of the mob could be identified. This conclusion was typical of practically all lynchings that occurred in the South and elsewhere in the United States. Most investigations found that the victim was lynched by "persons unknown" and no arrests were made. The perpetrators of this lynching and others got away with taking "justice" into their own hands.

Julie Messick is a senior history major and current Nabb Center student worker. Julie is the spring 2011 winner of the Wilcomb E. Washburn Student Prize in History.



This is the window at Peninsula General Hospital that Matthew Williams was thrown out of before he was dragged to the courthouse.



This is an image of the courthouse lawn in Salisbury pointing to the branch that Matthew Williams was lynched on.

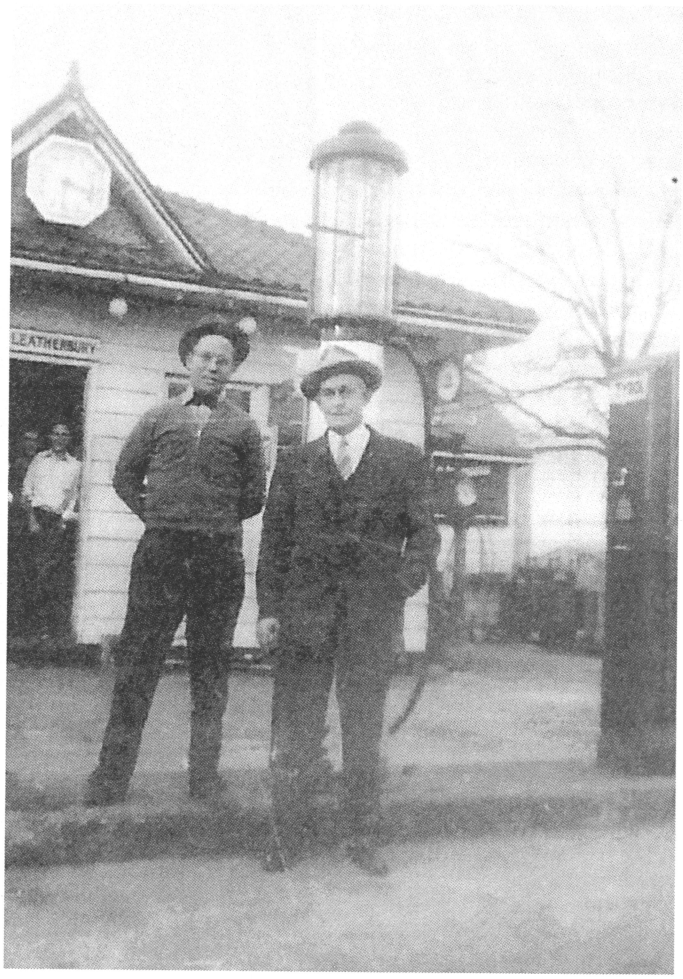
Mardela Springs – Main Street at the Mid-Century

By Yvonne Green

Mardela Springs was a great small town in which to grow up. Memory of those early years is sweet! Those memories include the grocery stores and soda fountains that once characterized the town. There were five grocery stores and two service or "fillin'" stations.

Rowe Elliott's Store, once the Bratten-Taylor Store and now located at the Adkins Historical Museum Complex in Mardela, was located at the corner of Main and Branch streets. Tilghman's Store, located in the lower floor of the Masonic Hall, was on Main Street. Wilson's Store and Soda Fountain was on Bridge Street next to the Post Office, while Crawford Sewell's Store was perched on the corner of Bridge and School streets. Monroe Bradley's Store was further along on Bridge Street at the intersection with James Street.

The two "fillin'" stations were Joe Dwyer's Gas Station and Soda Fountain on Main and Station Streets and Joby Truitt's Station on Main and Bacon Streets.



This "fillin" station was located on Main Street in Mardela.

Transportation not being what it is today, most families did their grocery shopping in town. My mom often shopped at Rowe Elliot's Store. She could order meats of any size because Mr. Rowe cut the meat on a large meat block in his back room. Once mom said that the cut of meat was as she wanted it, it was wrapped in white paper and tied with a string and handed to her. The meat case was located across the back of the store.

I often stopped by Mr. Rowe's as I walked home from school. The old metal drink case was on the left as I entered the store. I would choose a Grapette from the ice-filled case and a honey bun from the shelf for my after-school snack. That set me back 10 cents. On the right side of the store was a candy case with items that also tempted me. Standing in the middle of the main room was a wood stove to warm us up on cold days.

My grandmom lived just past the Springhouse and loved Pepsi-Cola. She would frequently send me to Mr. Rowe's to by a carton of drinks. At that time, Pepsi was in a 12-ounce glass bottle and transported in a six-pack cardboard carrier. I would take the empties back to the store in the carrier and fill it with full bottles. I must have lugged a truck load of bottles to and from the store over the years.

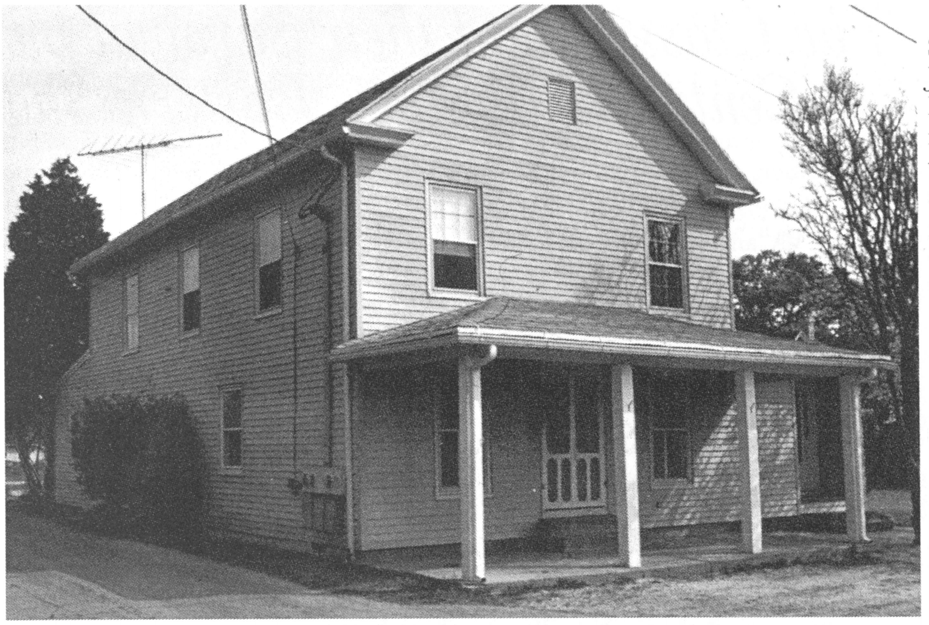
Farther down Main Street was Joe Dwyer's Gas Station, earlier owned by Jim Leatherbury. We could buy much more than gas there. Ice cream sodas, ice cream cones and cherry Cokes were special treats from the marble soda fountain. The ice cream was hand-dipped, of course. Bread and crackers were also available. Gas was pumped for customers at a cost of about 20 cents a gallon. Most of the time, the attendant would also wash your car windshield. There was a lift outside on which a vehicle would be raised to fix minor repairs or change oil. Next to the door on the east side of the station was a pump to inflate tires. On the west side of the building was a small icehouse. The Red Star Bus picked up and let off patrons here, as Main Street was Route 50 at that time. Some of the men in town would gather here in the evenings to swap stories or "lies."

Just a short distance down Main Street was Tilghman's Store. Mr. Tilghman had a general line of groceries. Some ladies in town would leave their grocery list with him to fill while they were at work. At times, the groceries would be delivered by boys on their bikes. This store, like Mr. Rowe Elliott's, had a long counter and the storekeeper stood behind it to take orders and count the change. He had a large metal cash register and I remember it well!

Next to the Masonic Hall on Main Street was a small "fillin" station owned by Joseph Truitt. He sold gas and had a one-car service bay. This was another place for men to gather in the evening. The station is still on the corner of Main and Bacon streets, but is no longer in use.

Just across Main Street on the corner of Bridge Street was the Old Post Office, a two-story wooden building. Next to it was Gerald Wilson's Grocery Store and Soda Fountain, also a wooden structure. I would get to go there once in a while for an ice cream cone. Mr. Gerald's mother, Mrs. Lizzie, was usually the one who dipped the ice cream. She was a little lady who most of the time wore a dark skirt and around her waist she wore a belt with a large buckle. The store burned in the early '50s and was replaced by a brick building.

About a block down Bridge Street, at the corner of School Street, was Crawford Sewell's General Store. It had a porch across the front and also on the School Street side. The porch posts were metal and I've shimmied up them many times. Under the porch, across the front of the store next to the entrance door



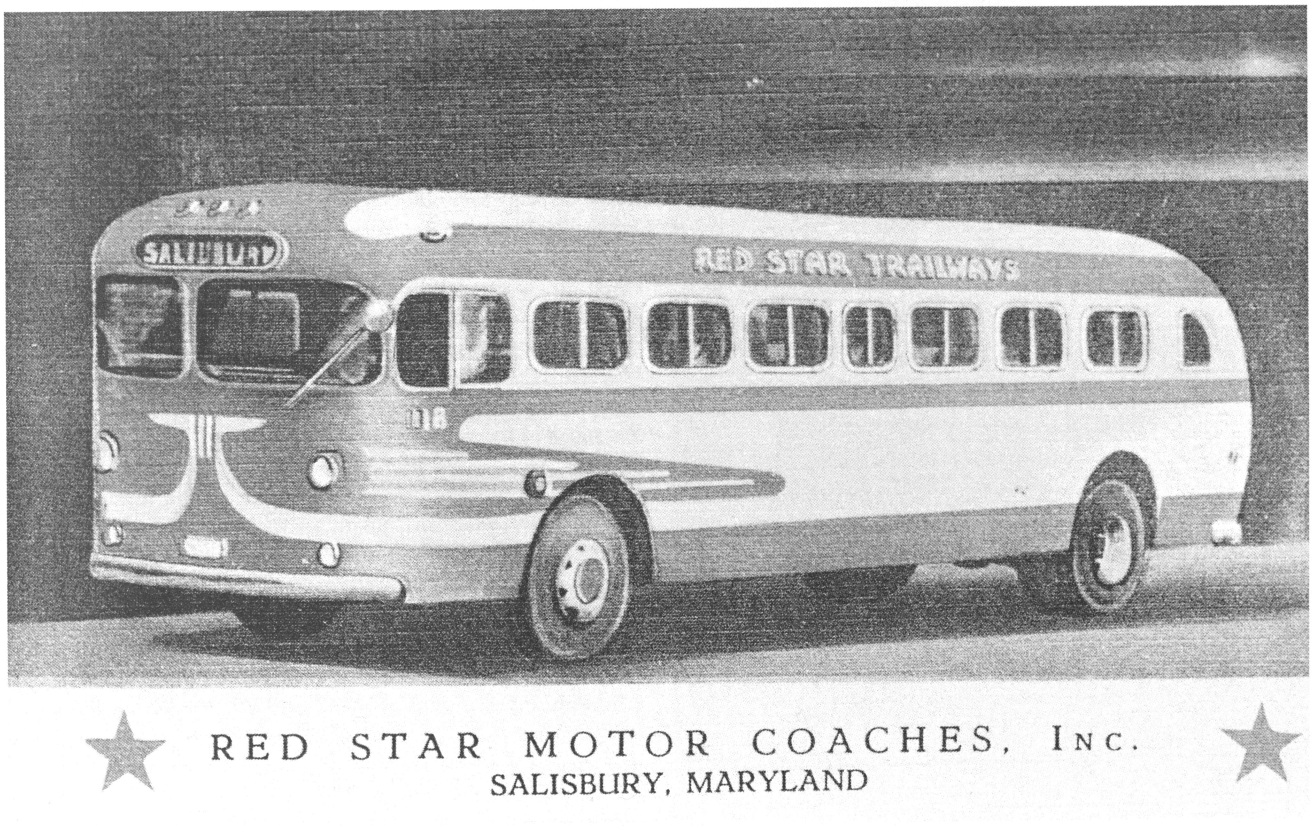
The Bratten-Taylor Village Store was built in 1838 on Main Street in Mardela Springs.

was a long wooden bench. Also, outside on Bridge Street was a gas pump with a glass-calibrated cylinder at the top. Gas was pumped into the cylinder by a hand crank on the side and flowed from it by gravity through a hose into the car. The store had a little bit of everything and Mr. Crawford kept it very neat. The canned goods were in perfectly straight rows, the floor swept clean and everything in its place. The drink cooler was at the back of the main room and a long counter on the left side with canned goods on shelves behind it. During World War II, we bought bread here with ration stamps. On the right side of the room was a wooden case with some jewelry that caught my eye. Another room to the left of the main store had shoes, boots and hardware. My first pair of tennis shoes came from this store. Originally that store was a school and was located further on down School Street at the site of our present cemetery where a new school was built in the 1920s.

Down Bridge Street further, just past James Street, Monroe Bradley had a store next to his home. It was a small store with a good line of groceries. I did not often get down the street that far, so I am not as familiar with this store as some of the others. The store is no longer standing.

I have fond memories of growing up in Mardela Springs, a small town in whose stores you would always be made to feel welcomed; the small stores seemed to a young child to be huge. Around every corner or on the next shelf were exciting things to be found – and purchased.

Yvonne Green, a life-long resident of Mardela Springs, is a docent at the Adkins Historical and Museum Complex, Inc. at Mardela Springs and loves all things historical. This article was first published in the November 2011, *Adkins Historical and Museum Complex, Inc. Newsletter*.



Red Star Motor Coach

The Classics and their Survival on 17th Century Virginia's Eastern Shore

By Peter Andes

On virtually every page of the 17th century court records of Northampton County, VA, amidst lengthy discussion of cows and tobacco, evidence of the Latin language can be found. An examination of these records from their start in 1632 through several decades provides insight into the many uses of Latin, from scribal conventions at the beginning and end of each entry to entire pages written in Latin. The influence of Latin is also evident in the names of books found in the inventories listed in the court records. The names of many individuals also stand out as Latin in origin in contrast to the Judeo-Christian naming tradition in common usage in the 17th century. Though a long way from Rome in both distance and time, Latin continued to be used in the colonies as the language of government, ceremony and learning, following the prevailing European fashion.

The Latin used in the Northampton County records is often heavily abbreviated and fragmentary, with English words being substituted when the Latin equivalent was not known. At times there are mistakes, or at least departures from classical forms. The Latin used in court records seems to have been influenced by the tradition of Renaissance Latin as nearly all Latin was after the 15th century. Renaissance Latin was a movement that sought to eliminate what it saw as the degradation of the language caused by Medieval Latin. This return to an earlier "classical" Latin made it closer to the form it had during the late Roman Republic and the Roman Empire.

In the Northampton court records, some Latin words are so abbreviated that they are difficult to decipher. Latin is a heavily inflected language, relying on the endings of words to denote conjugation and declination. Declination refers to the changing of the endings of nouns and adjectives based on how the words are used in a sentence. These endings are often abbreviated in the court records, creating difficulty in interpretation of certain words.

Certain phrases and conventions appear constantly. Each entry by the clerk of the court generally included the date and the clerk who recorded it in the general form of "Recordatur Vicessimo die mensis Feb. Annoe 1642 per me Edwyn Conaway Clericus Curiae." This translates as "Recorded the 20th day of the month of February the year 1642 by myself Edwyn Conaway the clerk of the court." The lack of uniformity in spelling, and also capitalization, that plagued written English at the time may be seen transferring over into Latin, as "vicessimo" should be "vicesimo" and "annoe" should be "anno." Another very common convention generally appeared in the form of "Thomas Joyner et Nicholus Harwood recognoverunt se debere Duci Regi in Ducentas Libras bone et Legal monet Angliae Solvend[i]." This translates as "Thomas Joyner and Nichola Harwood acknowledge themselves warned to owe to the leader of the kingdom in two hundred pounds honest and legal to be paid back to England." Before many of the lists of items in wills and inventories the word "imprimis," meaning "first" or "in the first place," is used, and "vera copia," meaning "a true copy" and "sequitur," meaning "it follows" are also found throughout the records. Another commonly appearing phrase is "Juratur in Curia," meaning "it is sworn in court," which was sometimes also accompanied by the words "teste me," translated as "myself as witness," when the clerk himself served as a witness to the proceedings. These examples illustrate how extensively Latin was used in the ceremonial conventions of the court's daily operation.

Several long passages of Latin appear in the court records. One such passage seems to be an official statement from a registrar in England that concerns the certification of a will as authentic in an English court. The statement resembles lengthy conventions that elsewhere in the records are rendered in English, so this is likely a Latin version of those same conventions. The will is that of a woman who died in England, but whose will was recorded in the Northampton County records because she bequeathed land in Virginia as a part of her will. That the record is from an English registrar illustrates what was probably one of the main reasons Latin is so often used in the records, because they were seen as a continuation of English recordkeeping. Another lengthy passage concerns the business of a ship and its cargo, also using conventions that resemble those often used in English in the records. These passages and other Latin conventions show that Latin and English were used interchangeably at times in order to record the same formulas, perhaps depending on a clerk's Latin ability.

The wills and inventories themselves also provide an insight into the influence of Latin through the titles of books that appear in them. The volume that most often appeared on these lists, if they contained any books, was the Bible. The Bible had been printed in English since the mid-16th century, and with the King James Bible having been printed in English since 1611, it is unlikely that many of the Bibles listed in inventories were in Latin. Books other than the Bible were rarely found except in the houses of the better educated and financially successful. One estate inventory included monographs referred to as "All my Phisicall and Chirugicall Bookes Latin and English," indicating the presence of multiple Latin volumes, as well as mentioning a "Greeke Testament." On the same list appears "Ursine[']s Catechisme," the Heidelberg Catechism primarily authored by Zacharias Ursinus under Frederick III in 1562. It first appeared in German but also had Latin and English translations. It is unclear which translation this volume is. Another list includes *Pharsalia*, an epic Latin poem written in 61-65 CE by the Roman poet Lucan, telling of the civil war between Julius Caesar and Pompey the Great that occurred in 45 BC. It was a popular text in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, especially in times of civil wars and other events similar to those related by the poem. An English translation was completed by the dramatist Christopher Marlowe in 1600, and it is unclear whether the volume on the list was in English or Latin. Unfortunately many inventories merely mention that there are books in a person's possession and not which titles, making it difficult to determine if they were in English or Latin.

Throughout the records, Latin names are used, showing that the Bible was not the only source from which parents could choose names for their children. There are an abundance of Latin first names such as Robertus, Phillipus, Rogerus, Deodatus, Jacobus, Petrus, Cornelius, Sylvanus and others. An unconventional name influenced by Latin in the records is Saluanias, which would appear simply to be a different spelling of Sylvanus except that it is written adjacent to Sylvanus in a sentence. Another unconventional name is Portus, meaning "port" or "harbor" in Latin, which was not used as a first name in Roman times but appears in the records as such. The Greek name Theophilus also appears in the records. Others are names modified to have Latin endings, such as Williamus, the Latin equivalent of which is Gulielmus. At one point a first name is given as "Guliosmus," which appears simply to be a different spelling of Gulielmus.

Thus through Latin conventions and descriptions, the titles of Latin volumes included in inventory records, and the names of Latin origin given to individuals, the language's place on Colonial Virginia's Eastern Shore is clear. What is revealed by the court records fits with the general emphasis on the classics that can be seen in European writings and education of the time. Further study of the Northampton County court records from the 18th and 19th centuries would help shed light on the development, sometimes gradual and sometimes immediate, of a Colonial culture distinct from the European one. It would also be intriguing to examine at what point the use of Latin dwindled and what contributing factors were involved. In an age where the Classics are no longer a main focus of the standard education, a look at the records reminds us of how far beyond Rome the use of the language extended, how much we owe to the ancients, and how much their world shaped ours – even here on the Eastern Shore.

Peter Andes is a classics major at the University of Maryland Baltimore County (UMBC). He spent much time this past summer pouring over the original records of Northampton and Accomack counties, VA, to create this narrative.

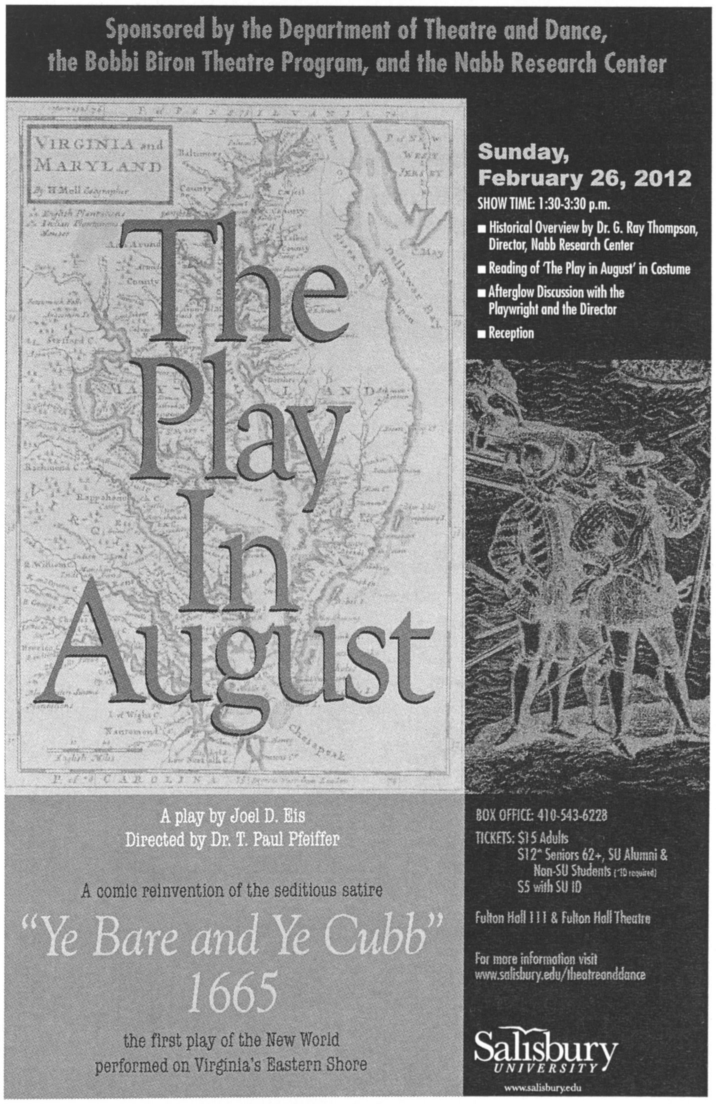
Ye Bare and Ye Cubbe

A new play written about *Ye Bare and Ye Cubbe* and the situation that led to its performance will be presented at Salisbury University on Sunday, February 26.

Professor Joel Eis, retired theatre arts professor, has written *The Play in August*, which explores the history, culture and spirit of these early colonists and includes an imagined rendering of the play performed on August 27, 1665, in a tavern in Pungoteague, VA. It discusses the pressures on people who choose to speak out in critical times. "It's as much about what is happening now as it is about what was happening then," said Eis, who will visit Salisbury and join in the presentation of his play.

The early play, in which "the Bear" represented England and "the Cub" the Virginia colony, was a very early expression of the colonies' resentment of taxation without representation. A concert-style reading of *The Play in August*, directed by Dr. Paul Pfeiffer, professor of theatre and dance, with actors in costume, will be presented by SU students at 2 p.m.

Prior to the reading, at 1:20 p.m., Dr. G. Ray. Thompson, director of the Edward H. Nabb Research Center, will set the stage for the play by describing the settlement of the Eastern Shore and the difficulties early inhabitants encountered. Following the play reading, the playwright and director will conduct a question-and-answer session followed by a reception. Supporters hope that this will enhance a greater appreciation of this historic event throughout the Delmarva Peninsula, building on the Eastern Shore of Virginia's ongoing commitment.



Sponsored by the Department of Theatre and Dance, the Bobbi Biron Theatre Program, and the Nabb Research Center

The Play In August

Sunday,
February 26, 2012
SHOW TIME: 1:30-3:30 p.m.

- Historical Overview by Dr. G. Ray Thompson, Director, Nabb Research Center
- Reading of 'The Play in August' in Costume
- Afterglow Discussion with the Playwright and the Director
- Reception

A play by Joel D. Eis
Directed by Dr. T. Paul Pfeiffer

A comic reinvention of the seditious satire
"Ye Bare and Ye Cubb"
1665
the first play of the New World
performed on Virginia's Eastern Shore

BOX OFFICE: 410-543-6228
TICKETS: $15 Adults
$12* Seniors 62+, SU Alumni & Non-SU Students (*ID required)
$5 with SU ID

Fulton Hall 111 & Fulton Hall Theatre

For more information visit
www.salisbury.edu/theatreanddance

Salisbury UNIVERSITY
www.salisbury.edu

The Maryland Dove

By Daniel Vizzard

The Maryland Dove, a full-scale replica of one of the two ships that carried the first settlers to Maryland, was docked in Downtown Salisbury September 14-18.

The Maryland *Dove* is a full-scale replica of the 17th century ship that carried the first settlers to Maryland. The 76-foot, square-rigged merchant carrier, the *Dove*, sailed alongside a larger ship, the *Ark*, on the initial expedition to Maryland, bringing not just settlers, but also an important value: religious tolerance. From the beginning, St. Mary's City, MD, cast itself as America's first religiously tolerant colony.

Operated and maintained by Historic St. Mary's City, the *Maryland Dove* is used as an educational and interpretive exhibit for thousands of visitors each year. Educators who work on the boat teach visitors about the hardships of sailing in the 17th century and provide a historical background of the original voyage. The ship also participates in voyages to surrounding ports in the Chesapeake Bay as an ambassador for both Historic St. Mary's waterfront museum and the State of Maryland.

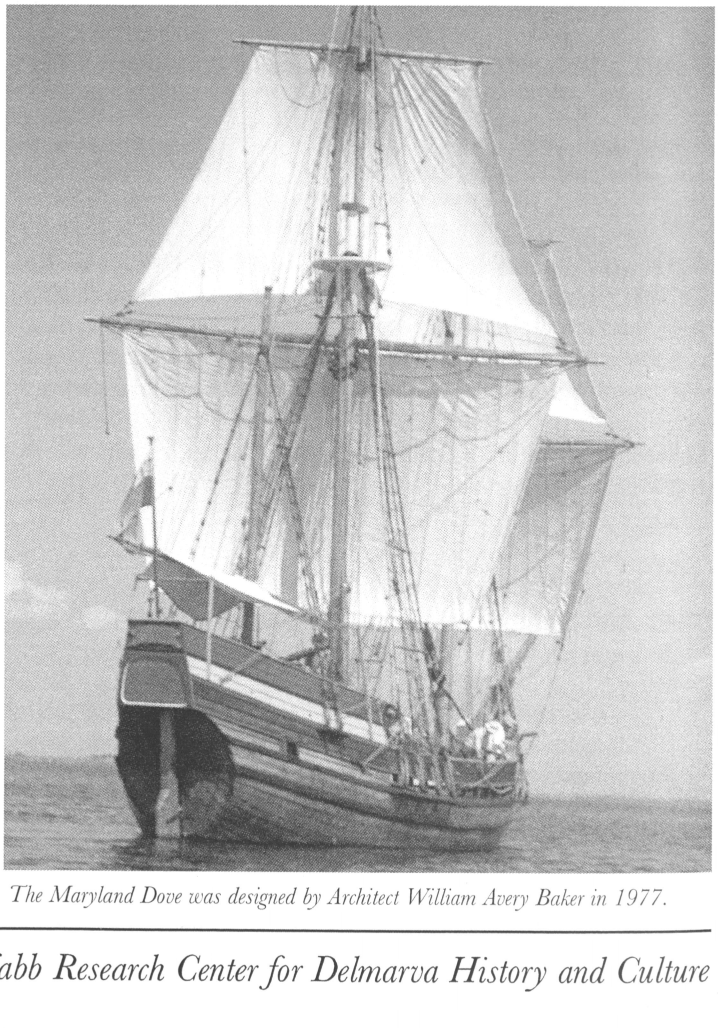
Architect William Avery Baker of Hingham, MA, designed the Maryland *Dove* in 1977. Baker, an accomplished historical boat architect, served as curator of the Francis Russell Hart Nautical Museum at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. James B. Richardson began the actual construction of the boat off the Choptank River in Cambridge, MD, in 1977. Richardson, who comes from a long line of Eastern Shore shipwrights, was coaxed out of retirement to create the vessel.

The original *Dove* and *Ark* had departed from England in 1633 after George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore, was granted a charter from the King of England to establish a colony called Maryland. George Calvert sought to create a colony free of the religious persecution that was common in England and her other colonies. The Maryland Charter was able to establish a free colony that allowed colonists to run their own representative government and absolved them from following various Colonial charters. The charter omitted any language that discussed an established religion, allowing various denominations to practice their faiths in Maryland.

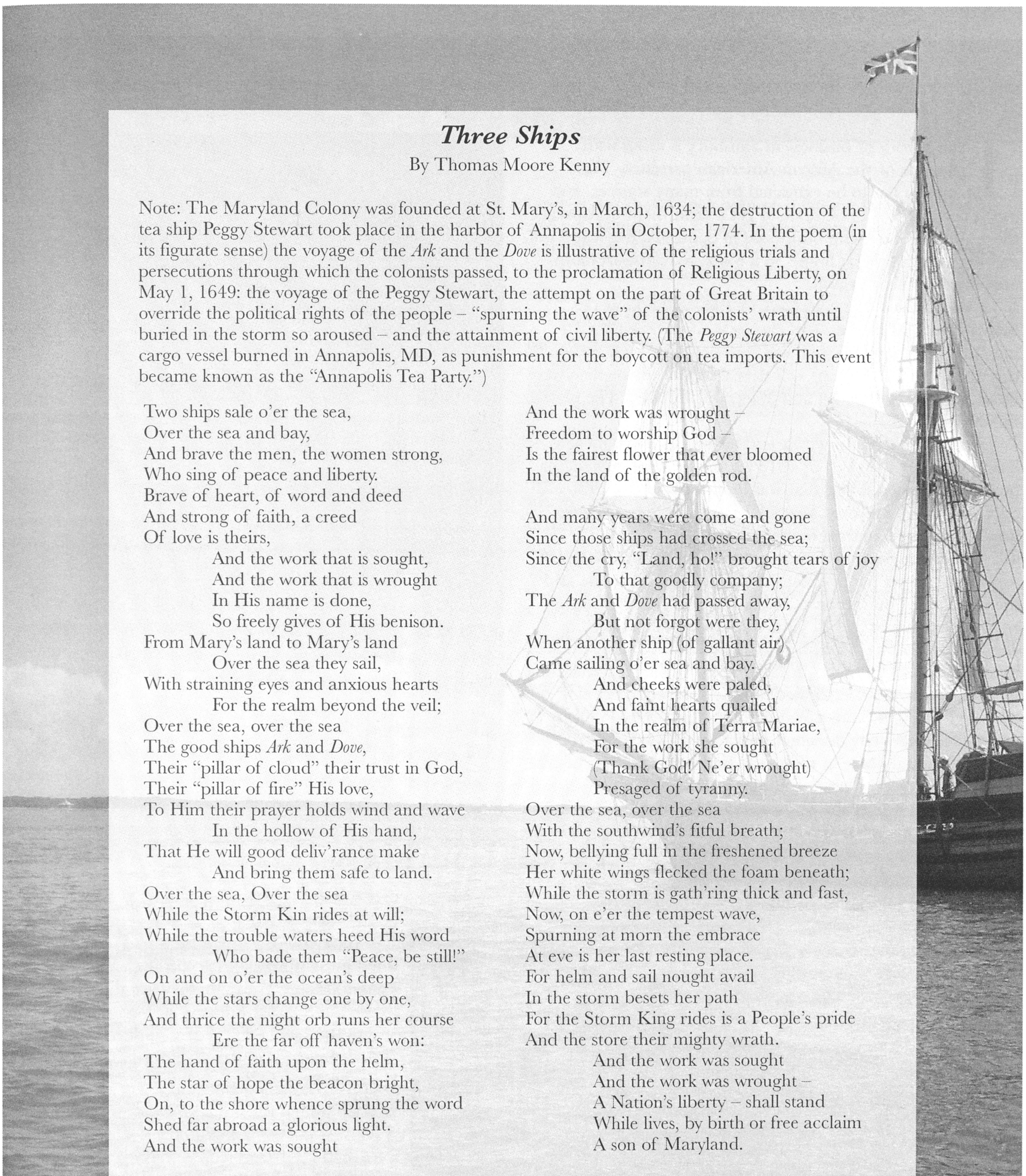
Upon the death of George Calvert, his son Cecil Calvert became the second Lord Baltimore and inherited the Maryland Charter. Leonard Calvert, a younger brother of Cecil, led the voyage that consisted of about 300 settlers from Catholic, Jesuit and Protestant denominations. Although there was opposition to the religious tolerance the Maryland voyage promoted, the ships departed on November 22, 1633. The *Dove*, able to carry about 50 tons, was much smaller than the *Ark*, which could carry up to 350 tons. During a powerful storm, crew members of the *Ark* began to lose sight of the *Dove* and eventually saw the signal of a shipwreck, two lanterns hanging from the mast. Although the *Ark's* crew attempted to save the *Dove*, they could not navigate the stormy sea and eventually presumed her and her crew lost. The *Ark* proceeded to Barbados alone, arriving January 3, 1634. The *Dove*, which had turned back and sought refuge until the storm passed, arrived in Barbados later that month. The two ships then sailed north up the America coastline, eventually stopping at the site that was to become St. Mary's, the first settlement in Maryland, on March 25, 1634. The date is celebrated as Maryland Day.

The Ark returned to England in May 1634, but the *Dove* stayed at the colony assisting in trading and transportation. The following year, the *Dove* departed for England, but never arrived. She was presumed lost at sea.

Daniel Vizzard is a communication arts major and current Nabb Center intern.



The Maryland Dove was designed by Architect William Avery Baker in 1977.



Three Ships

By Thomas Moore Kenny

Note: The Maryland Colony was founded at St. Mary's, in March, 1634; the destruction of the tea ship Peggy Stewart took place in the harbor of Annapolis in October, 1774. In the poem (in its figurate sense) the voyage of the *Ark* and the *Dove* is illustrative of the religious trials and persecutions through which the colonists passed, to the proclamation of Religious Liberty, on May 1, 1649: the voyage of the Peggy Stewart, the attempt on the part of Great Britain to override the political rights of the people – "spurning the wave" of the colonists' wrath until buried in the storm so aroused – and the attainment of civil liberty. (The *Peggy Stewart* was a cargo vessel burned in Annapolis, MD, as punishment for the boycott on tea imports. This event became known as the "Annapolis Tea Party.")

Two ships sale o'er the sea,
Over the sea and bay,
And brave the men, the women strong,
Who sing of peace and liberty.
Brave of heart, of word and deed
And strong of faith, a creed
Of love is theirs,
And the work that is sought,
And the work that is wrought
In His name is done,
So freely gives of His benison.
From Mary's land to Mary's land
Over the sea they sail,
With straining eyes and anxious hearts
For the realm beyond the veil;
Over the sea, over the sea
The good ships *Ark* and *Dove*,
Their "pillar of cloud" their trust in God,
Their "pillar of fire" His love,
To Him their prayer holds wind and wave
In the hollow of His hand,
That He will good deliv'rance make
And bring them safe to land.
Over the sea, Over the sea
While the Storm Kin rides at will;
While the trouble waters heed His word
Who bade them "Peace, be still!"
On and on o'er the ocean's deep
While the stars change one by one,
And thrice the night orb runs her course
Ere the far off haven's won:
The hand of faith upon the helm,
The star of hope the beacon bright,
On, to the shore whence sprung the word
Shed far abroad a glorious light.
And the work was sought
And the work was wrought –
Freedom to worship God –
Is the fairest flower that ever bloomed
In the land of the golden rod.

And many years were come and gone
Since those ships had crossed the sea;
Since the cry, "Land, ho!" brought tears of joy
To that goodly company;
The *Ark* and *Dove* had passed away,
But not forgot were they,
When another ship (of gallant air)
Came sailing o'er sea and bay.
And cheeks were paled,
And faint hearts quailed
In the realm of Terra Mariae,
For the work she sought
(Thank God! Ne'er wrought)
Presaged of tyranny.
Over the sea, over the sea
With the southwind's fitful breath;
Now, bellying full in the freshened breeze
Her white wings flecked the foam beneath;
While the storm is gath'ring thick and fast,
Now, on e'er the tempest wave,
Spurning at morn the embrace
At eve is her last resting place.
For helm and sail nought avail
In the storm besets her path
For the Storm King rides is a People's pride
And the store their mighty wrath.
And the work was sought
And the work was wrought –
A Nation's liberty – shall stand
While lives, by birth or free acclaim
A son of Maryland.

African-American Businesses in Salisbury

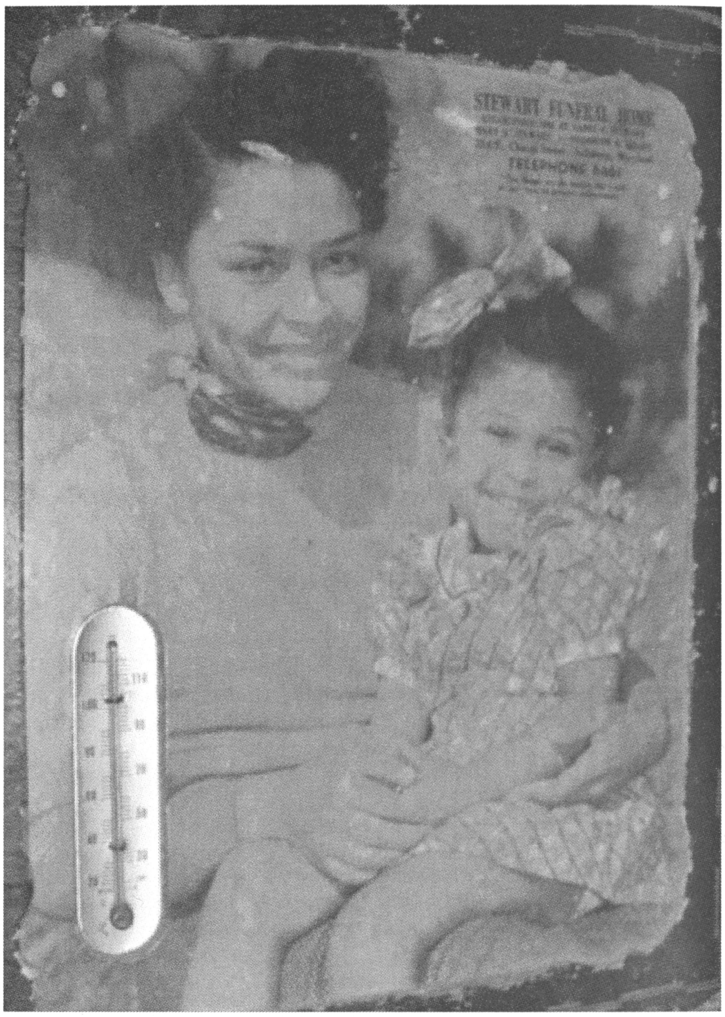
By George Chevallier

The history of business in Salisbury is laced with threads of the African-American presence. This history has to be extracted from many sources, and much research has to be done to get a clear picture. Among those African-American businesses in Salisbury, five stand out, varying from a funeral home, to a bank, to transportations and entertainment venues.

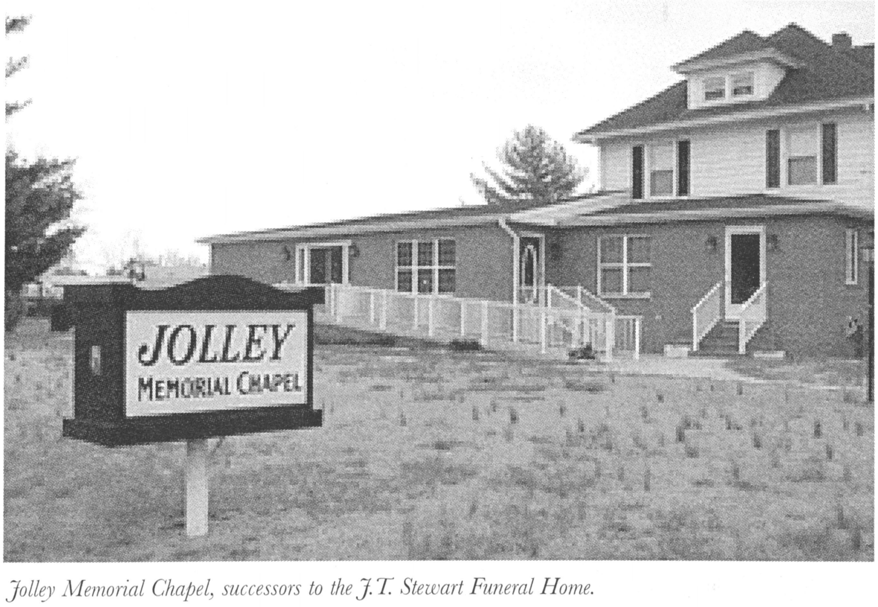
One business that goes back to 1909 is the James F. Stewart Funeral Home. This can be verified by an 8 x 10 inch wall thermometer that was put out in the early 1950s. By this time, James F. Stewart was deceased and the owners were listed as Mary A. Stewart and Thornton B. Jolley. The phone number was 6461.

Although the business was established in 1909, there is no listing in either the 1913 or 1916 telephone books for such a business. The first listing that was found was in the 1921 Salisbury City Directory. James F. and Mary Stewart were listed as having a funeral home at 402 E. Church St. with a phone number of 816. A postcard from 1925 shows James F. Stewart, his family, his home and the vehicles for his business. This address of 402 E. Church St. was changed to 324 E. Church St. when Salisbury changed all the street numbers in October 1952. The phone number was still 6461 in the 1954 phone book. At some point in time, the need for expanded numbers added a 2 or a 9 to all 4-digit numbers with the addition of the prefix Pioneer (PI or 74). The 1957 city directory had a listing for James F. Stewart Funeral home at the newly numbered address of 324 E. Church St. with a phone number of PI9-6461.

The block where the business was located ceased to exist following the completion of the new road when Route 50 was built through the center of Salisbury. It was on the south side of Church St. between Cathell St. and N. Salisbury Blvd.



Wall thermometer from James F. Stewart Funeral Home.



Jolley Memorial Chapel, successors to the J.T. Stewart Funeral Home.

Today there is still a Stewart Funeral Home listed in Salisbury, and according to the Jolley Funeral Home Web site, they are the successors to the J.T. Stewart Funeral Home.

In the 1982 edition of Charles Truitt's *Historic Salisbury*, under "financial institutions," Houston Savings Bank is listed as "established by the black community in 1911, operated only a few months." However, in the original 1932 edition of *Historic Salisbury*, Truitt makes no mention of Houston Savings Bank under "financial institutions."

Although Truitt stated that Houston Savings Bank opened in 1911, a savings pass book attests to the fact that one Mamie A. Birckhead did

R. E. Cook, Mgr.
COOK'S TAXI CAB SERVICE
Phone 355 :: Lake and W. Main Sts. :: Salisbury, Md.
24 Hour Service

Christmas give-a-way from 1940.

open an account on July 20, 1911, with a deposit of $1, the only entry in the book.

Houston Savings Bank was reported to have operated for only a few months; however, there is a listing in the 1913 telephone book with a phone number of 681. This same number is also assigned to John T. Ellis & Son.

Started in the 1930s, R.E. Cook operated the C.C. Taxi Cab Service until at least 1957. By that year, Cook also listed himself as an electrical contractor. A ruler was a Christmas give-a-way in 1940 and shows a phone number of 355 and an address as Main and Lake Sts. By 1950, the phone number had changed to 4500 and the address was 503 W. Main St. The address is now 405 W. Main St., due to the street number changes enacted by the city in October 1952. A token from Cook's Cab Company from the late 1940s states that it is good for "One 25c Fare."

With the addition of the extended prefix by the phone company, the phone number for R.E. Cook was changed to PI9-4500 in the 1957 city directory and the address had changed to 110 Small St.

A business card and a ticket to the "Daughter Elks Ball" show that Jack Birckhead had an orchestra in Salisbury. This musical venture evolved from his father George Birckhead, who had the most popular band in Salisbury in the 1920s. Referencing a passbook from the Houston Savings Bank, the depositor, Mamie Birckhead, was probably the wife of George Birckhead since both of them are listed as living at 1707 N. Division St. The property is now two addresses, 1007 and 1009 N. Division St. Their son was Jack and he lived at the N. Division St. address all his life. He also worked for Albert L. Disharoon, the contractor, for nearly 50 years.

One of the most entrepreneurial figures in the Lake St. area of Salisbury was Jim Weatherly. The first listing for a Weatherly is in the 1940 city directory. There is a Weatherly's Pool Room listed on Lake St., although no reference is made that it was owned by Jim Weatherly. Post cards show that Jim Weatherly had at least two more businesses before 1950. Weatherly's Auditorium and the Postal Card both had addresses of 219 Lake St. and phone numbers of 2846-J, which clearly dates them before 1950. By 1950, from material excerpted from the 1950 telephone book, Weatherley's phone number had changed to 2-1410 (with no mention of the Pioneer prefix). The address was still 219 Lake St. That address was changed to 223 Lake St. in October, 1952 by the City. The entire block has been razed and no businesses on the east side of Lake St. remain.

George Chevallier, president of the Wicomico Historical Society, is a long-time resident of Salisbury, a collector of Salisbury memorabilia and a frequent speaker on Salisbury history.

Celebrate Our Heritage

The Edward H. Nabb Research Center for Delmarva History and Culture celebrates its 30th anniversary in 2012. In honor of this milestone, the Nabb Center invites the campus and community to an event marking 30 years of preserving Delmarva history and culture on Saturday, April 21, at 6 p.m.

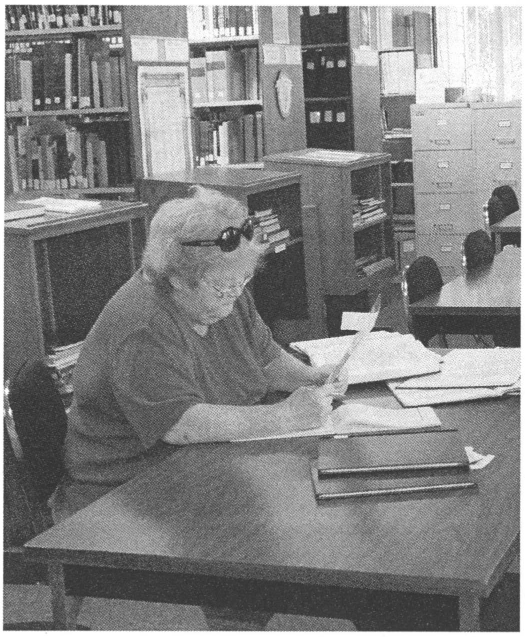
In 1982, faculty members Dr. Ray Thompson and Sylvia Bradley started a history research center for the use of all SU students – not just history majors. Recognizing that historical land records, inventories and wills dating back to earliest Colonial days were contained in as many as 36 different repositories scattered throughout the peninsula, Thompson and Bradley initiated an ambitious program of acquisition, which was generously and enthusiastically supported by local researchers and family historians. Thus, the Archives Center (as the Nabb Center was formerly called) was born. An endowment of $500,000 by Edward H. Nabb Sr. in June 1998 resulted in the current name of the facility. The Nabb Center quickly became a popular repository for family journals and papers, surveyors' and civil engineers' papers, maps, research notes of local historians, book and pamphlet collections, business records, and other ephemera. Celebrate the 30th anniversary of this wonderful resource and the many achievements its organizers have achieved.

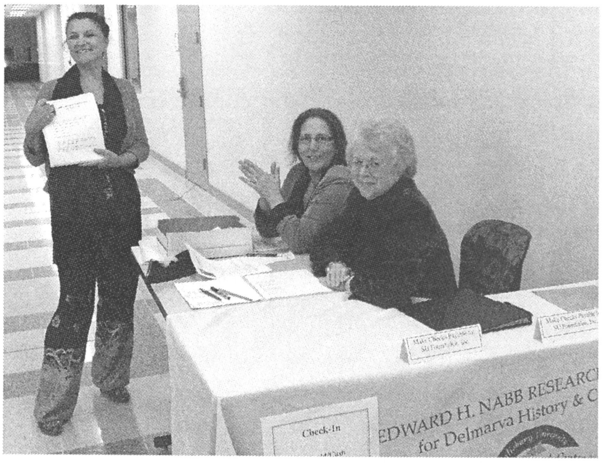
For those wishing to purchase advance tickets, make checks payable to the Salisbury University Foundation, Inc. To learn more as details are finalized, visit: http://nabbhistory.salisbury.edu

Volunteer Corner

Nabb Center volunteers are incredibly valuable assets.
Our volunteers provide assistance in a number of difference areas.

- Events & Programs
- Exhibit Docents
- Research Assistance
- Office Help
- Processing Collections

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For information about volunteering, please contact Outreach Coordinator Damika Baker at ddbaker@salisbury.edu.

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